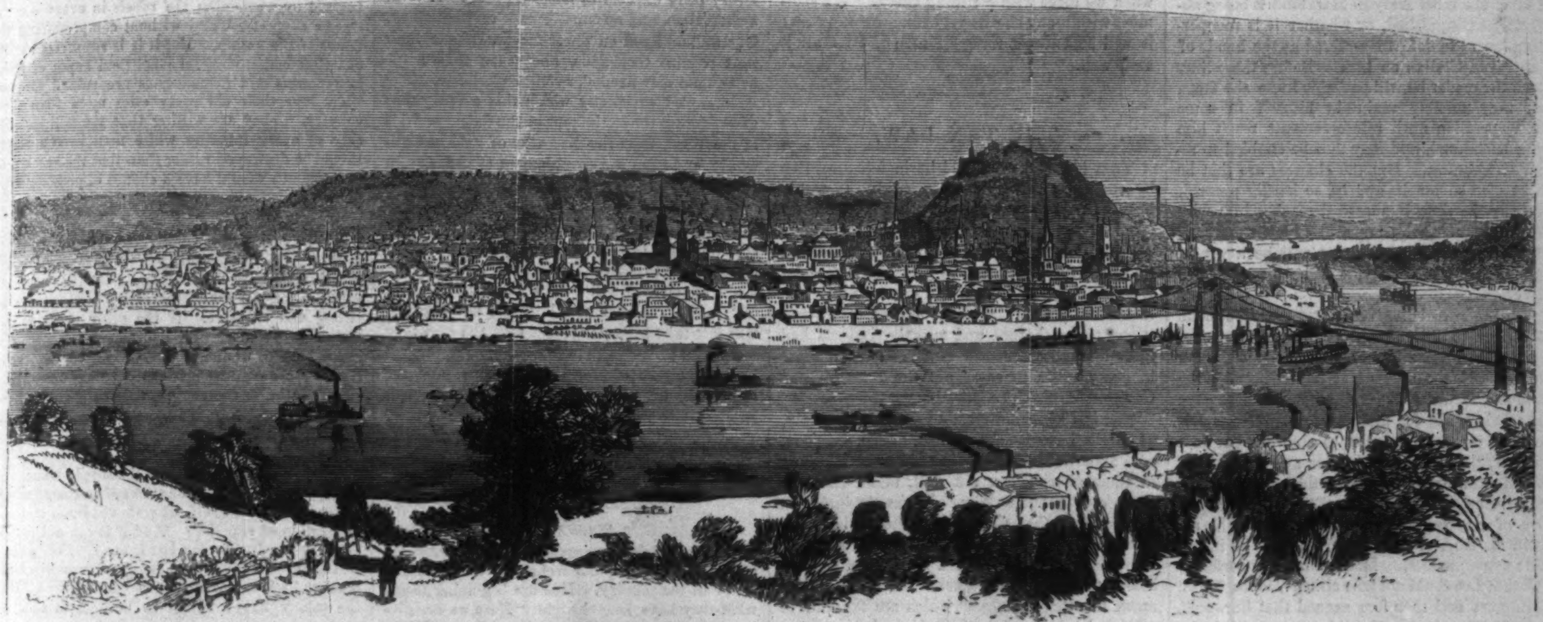
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

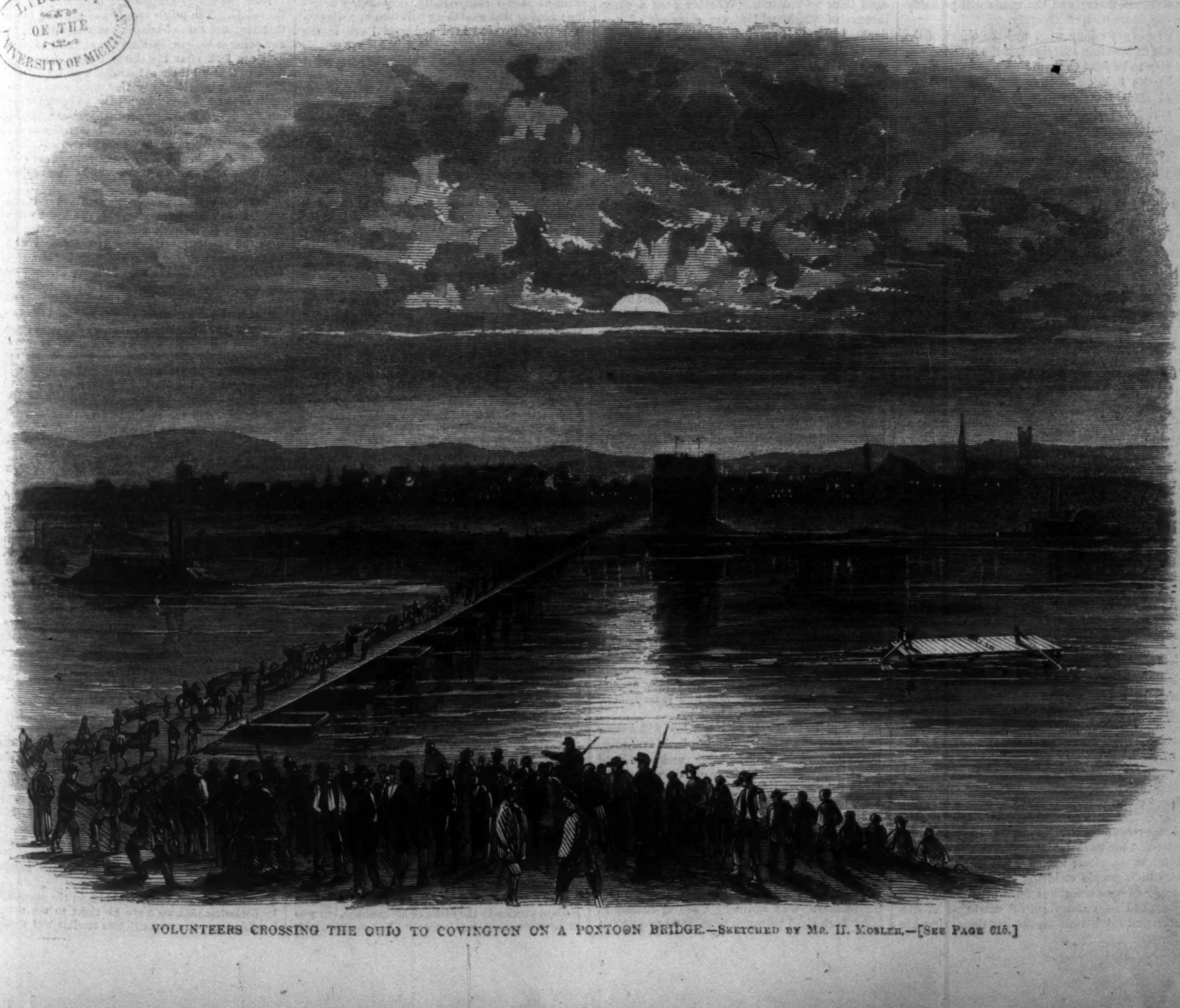
VOL. VI.—No. 300.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.
$2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE CITY OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 615.]

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



VOLUNTEERS CROSSING THE OHIO TO COVINGTON ON A PONTOON BRIDGE.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 615.]

M'CLELLAN.

ONCE more we hail thee, Chief! The nation's heart,
Faint and desponding, stricken to the dust,
Turns back to thee with the old hopeful trust,
And childlike confidence, and love. Thou art
Our chosen Leader. We have watched thee well,
And marked how thou hast borne the taunts and sneers
Of those whose envious falsehoods harmless fell
About thine head; how, unmoved by their jeers,
Thou hast toiled on with patient fortitude,
Winning from all the Legions under thee
A love which is almost idolatry;
Thy one sole aim thy Country's greatest good.
Press on, young Chieftain, foremost in the van!
The Hour of need has come—be thou the Man!

BLACKSTONE, MASS., *Sept.* 15, 1862.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1862.

THE REBEL RAID INTO MARYLAND.

AT the hour we write it is uncertain whether the rebel army in Maryland is being absolutely extinguished, or whether it is recuperating from the defeat it suffered at the hands of General M'Clellan on 14th. Before these lines reach the reader he will probably know the facts. Lee may possibly maintain himself in some strong position until reinforcements reach him from Richmond, and may thus be enabled to renew the contest. But the chances are that he will suffer so much, and be so hardly pressed, that, by the time Beauregard reaches him with the 40,000 men who are said to have marched from Gordonsville, his army will be a wreck, and escape, not victory, will be his exclusive object.

Well-informed observers never could be made to believe that Lee would cross the Potomac. General M'Clellan is said to have replied, when he was told the rebels had crossed: "It's too good to be true." He and most of us here gave the rebels credit for more wisdom. It was evident, as we took occasion to show in our last number, that to cross the river and not to take Washington or Baltimore would be fatal to the rebel army. Nothing but the immediate capture of one or both of these cities could redeem the step, or save the army from its inevitable consequences. M'Clellan knew perfectly well that Lee could not take either Washington or Baltimore, and therefore argued that he would not cross the river. He did cross: he did not take Washington or Baltimore, or even seriously threaten them; and the result will probably be the destruction of his army.

People are asking what was the object of the rebels in invading Maryland, if the invasion was so sure to be fatal to them?

In the first place, it is not likely that the rebel leaders were aware of the strength of Washington, or of the defenses of Baltimore. They may, perhaps, have believed that they could make a sudden dash upon the railroad and seize one or other of these cities. If our armies had been handled awkwardly, if they had delayed to follow the rebels across the river, if M'Clellan had marched on Leesburg, as some of his generals are said to have advised, this hope might have been realized. It was only when Jackson discovered the enormous army of M'Clellan moving westwardly toward the Monocacy, and wedging itself in between the rebels and the fords by which they had crossed, that he realized its utter futility. Again, some of the rebel leaders are said to have been so foolish and so ignorant as to rely upon what they called "a popular rising" in Maryland. We at the North, who have had pretty frequent occasion of late to take the measure of Maryland, knew all along how much this resource amounted to. We had thought of the "popular rising" long before it occurred to the rebels, and had applied the antidote. Baltimore might have "risen" if her people had chosen; but it would only have been to fall prostrate in ashes in very short order. Annapolis might have "risen;" but twenty-four hours would have settled her account with history. Whatever the opinions of the Marylanders may be—and we hope they are sound and loyal—they had no more chance of "rising" than the convicts in a well-ordered penitentiary.

We can not help thinking that the true secret of the rebel invasion of Maryland, and of the similar demonstration against Ohio, is simply the utter desperation of the rebel leaders. They have seen, in the course of fifteen months, a Union army of less than half a million of men overrun and conquer nearly the whole of three large States, and parts of seven others; they have seen their strongest positions wrested from them, and their finest armies beaten and dispersed; they have lost New Orleans and the Mississippi River; they have failed in every enterprise they undertook, and we have succeeded in every enterprise of ours save one only; they have seen their coast line, over 3000 miles long, which every one was sure could not be blockaded, hermetically sealed against commerce; they have lost every vessel they built, from the *Merrimac* to the *Arkansas;* they have seen their people enduring miseries such as no people in modern times have ever suffered before; and with this frightful catalogue of disaster and misfortune to dispirit them, they see that, if the contest is to be prolonged, they must wage it against an army of a million of men and a fleet of impregnable iron-clad vessels. Can any one wonder at their being desperate? What could they do except to attempt some wild, desperate scheme, such as the invasion of Maryland and Ohio, and trust to luck, accident, or the blunders of our generals for success? To remain where they were, and wait to be attacked by a million of men, was simply ruin without a chance of escape. To invade us was also probably ruin; but there was a remote possibility that in some extraordinary freak fortune might come to their aid and enable them to seize Washington or Cincinnati. To this vague hope they probably clung, and hence their late movements.

It seems that the period of ill-luck which commenced with the seven days' battles is ended at last, and that fortune is once more on our side. Let us beware of our past errors. Let us not pronounce our generals imbecile, or traitors, or cowards, because they are not uniformly successful. See what M'Clellan has done now! Let us not cry aloud to Heaven to restore the chaos when we meet with a trifling check. We shall meet with many checks yet before the war ends: it will be enough for good men if after all it ends well.

THE TAX LAW.

THIS law will or should be in full operation by the time these lines are read. It would have been in force before but that it absolutely required some time to organize the machinery required for its execution. It is possible that that machinery may not be perfected before 1st October. Direct taxation is so new a thing in this country that the whole system of tax-districts, tax-gatherers, and taxable products had to be blocked out of raw material; to set these in order so as to carry out the intentions of Congress naturally required some time.

The law as it now stands bristles with errors, as might have been expected. The assessors, who apportion the tax to be paid by each citizen in their district, can not well, under the law, make over $1200 a year. It was the intention of Congress that their salary should be about $2000 a year. To swell their receipts to this sum they will be compelled to protract appeals before them to an unreasonable length, and to resort to other "dodges" which are familiar to officials in the service of the United States, but the practice of which should rather be discouraged than stimulated. Whether even a clear income of $2000 will secure assessors of undoubted probity is an open question. Two thousand dollars are a large sum, no doubt, but there are men in every city who spend more. And as it will be in the power of an assessor to report the tax on A—— B—— at $100, when it should be $500, it is easy to see that, if by any chance dishonest men should obtain appointments as assessors, extensive frauds may be committed. A prominent politician, who is conversant with the "practice of politics," estimates the revenue of the assessors in this city and in the manufacturing towns at three to four times the amount contemplated by Congress.

Commissioner Boutwell has instructed the collectors that they have an ungracious office to fill, and that its proper discharge will require the exercise of urbanity, discretion, and forbearance. They are especially warned against bullying and oppression. The tax collector is unpopular in every community, and perhaps more so here than in Europe, from the reason that our people are less accustomed to be taxed than foreigners. Collectors have been directed to discharge their duty as leniently as is consistent with the interest of Government, and in every case in which the payment of the tax is resisted, to refer the matter to the legal authorities. Distraints such as accompany the collection of taxes in Great Britain will here be as rare as possible.

At the same time there is no doubt but the two great taxes—the income tax of 3 per cent. on all incomes over $600 a year, and the manufacturing tax of 3 per cent. on all manufactures, will be collected at any cost. The citizen whose income is $1000, will have to pay 3 per cent. on $400, or $12 per annum; he whose income is $10,000 will have to pay $282. The manufacturer of $100,000 worth of woolen or cotton goods, hardware, boots or shoes, leather, paper, furniture, thread, machinery, etc., etc., will have to pay $3000 a year; which he will of course estimate in the cost of his goods. There are a number of other taxes—direct tax, special taxes upon articles of comfort and luxury, etc., etc.—which will be added to these.

It is plain to see that the tax law will sooner or later effect a social revolution in this country. Hitherto we have paid no taxes, and have lived more extravagantly than any other people on the face of the earth. We spend twice as much for rent, food, servants, and clothing, as people do in the dearest country in Europe. It has cost, hitherto, nearly twice as much to live in New York as in London, and nearly three times as much as in Paris, or Berlin: simply because we have all of us established an expensive standard of living, and adhere to it. We have agreed, for instance, that ordinary dwelling-houses in New York shall be worth from $800 to $2500 a year; that our wives shall dress in $25 or $50 dresses; that our servants shall be paid from $8 to $15 a month. These prices are of course utterly fictitious, but as every one agrees to them, they are the established rule.

The tax law will have some effect upon these prices. When a man who realizes an income of $5000 a year by manufacturing $200,000 worth of goods finds that, under this law, he has to pay over to Government a sum of $6000, he will object to paying as much as usual for rent, dry goods, and servants' wages. When a lawyer whose income is $5000 finds that he must pay over $132 every year to the General Government—besides city, county, and State tax and license—he will begin to inquire about the feasibility of economies. When a farmer who makes $2000 a year discovers that he is expected to pay $42 every May day to the Government, he, in like manner, will at least investigate the grand question of cutting down expenses.

In this light the tax law will do us a great deal of good. We in this country—at least the new generation—have grown up in utter ignorance of and with some contempt for economy. Every body expects to make a great fortune in a short time, and no one thinks of saving money. Our fathers lived on fewer hundreds than their sons require thousands, and when they made more than they needed, saved the balance. The unexampled prosperity which this country has derived from the settlement of the fertile prairies of the West, from the discovery of gold in California, and from the development of industry in the older States, have blinded most of our people to the first principle of political economy—namely, that wealth is far oftener the product of economy than of enterprise. The tax law occurs opportunely to correct this defect. A couple of years' experience will work a decided change in our habits. Under the law, the Government will just take from prosperous men the sum they have been accustomed to squander, or to expend in unnecessary comforts or luxuries; and the result will necessarily be that lavish and needless expenditures will be curtailed.

THE LOUNGER.

FORWARD!

THE sooner the Government of the United States understands the popular feeling the better for the safety of the country. Men are beginning to say what they have long thought, "Here we are giving men and means to save the nation, willingly sacrificing all that we have and are, and the Government stands shilly-shally, doubting, wondering; hoping that something will turn up; devoutly praying to good Lord and good Devil in the same breath."

It is the language of anger and grief; but what is the situation of affairs?

Simply this: the people of this country are resolved upon a Union and upon a strong Government. They earnestly wish the success of the Government they have, and they are willing to do all that men can do to save it. But the moment they see, as they now begin to fear, that the loudest and most undiscriminating supporters of the present policy of the Administration are those who are at heart notoriously disloyal, that moment they will consider very gravely. For they know that the present policy is extolled by those men because they think its dilatoriness and slackness favor their own hopes.

In a word, the enemies of the country praise hesitation and half-measures in the war because they think that such a course will tire out the North, and make it willing to accept any terms of peace with the rebellion.

If the Government would save the cause, it must therefore make it plain that it is doing all that can be done to secure the victory; that it is superseding officers who have been tried and are found wanting; that it is dismissing corrupt agents every where; that it is insisting upon rapid movements and hard fighting; that it is cutting away every root and tendril of the rebellion which it can find; that, in fine, it is *so* active, *so* thorough, *so* earnest, *so* confident of the popular desire to crush the conspiracy at every cost, that no loyal man could for a moment suppose it possible to find a more vigorous Administration.

It has stood on one leg long enough. Let it now put two feet to the ground and run on to victory.

WAR THAT IS WAR.

A SECESH letter to the Charleston *Courier*, describing the passage of the Rapidan and the advance of the rebel army toward Washington, says: "We live on what we can get—now and then an ear of corn, fried green apples, or a bit of ham broiled on a stick; but quite as frequently do without either from morning until night. We sleep on the ground without any other covering than a blanket, and consider ourselves fortunate if we are not frozen stiff before morning. The nights are both damp and cold."

Again the writer says: "Among the Yankees captured by Jackson were two men who, as soon as they fell into our hands, commenced to ask after their old comrades in an artillery company. An inquiry being instituted, they confessed that, eight months ago, they were soldiers in our army, but that, being tired of service, they had deserted, and joined the ranks of the enemy. Without farther ado the General ordered them to be hung to a tree, which was done in the presence of a large portion of his army."

The same writer, describing a spy who had done gallant service in the cause of his country, but was at last discovered, continues: "The execution took place this afternoon, under the direction of General Evans, in the presence of his brigade and a large number of soldiers. The prisoner was mounted on a horse, his hands tied behind him, and he was driven beneath a tree. The rope, which was a little larger than an ordinary bed-cord, then being adjusted, he was ordered to stand upon the saddle. As he did so a soldier gave a sharp cut to the animal, and in a second more the spy was jerking convulsively from the limb above him. He met his fate with great stoicism, and appeared perfectly satisfied with what he had accomplished, but to the last denied all participation in the act of shooting Longstreet's courier." Brave patriot! the country which honors the memory of Nathan Hale will not forget you!

The men who do and endure these things are men who mean that the war they wage shall hurt the enemy; and so long as that enemy is unwilling to hurt them in every way it can, so long these men will triumph. Yet there are newspapers and demagogues at the North who, under the silly cry that this is not an abolition war, insist that these rebels shall be allowed the free use of their slaves to do their work and supply their armies. Why do they insist upon it? Because they are afraid that if the people of the country demand that the rebellion shall be at once suppressed by weakening the rebels in every way, it *will* be suppressed, and without compromising the honor of the nation. But if it is suppressed without that compromise, the political hopes of those newspapers and demagogues are ruined forever. They love their old party cries more than their country. They are willing that the political liberty of every laboring white man in the North should be destroyed rather than that the black men of the South should have a chance of personal freedom.

FEEDING THE ENEMY AND FIGHTING FOR THEM.

IF when a country is at war its producing classes can stay steadily at home and raise the necessary supplies for the army, that army will always be strong and effective. If the other party to the war is really in earnest and means to conquer at every hazard, what will it do? Of course it will cut off those supplies if it can. If it can destroy a supply train, or capture a supply ship, will it hesitate to do it? Nay, if it does hesitate, will it not show that it is either utterly incapable, or that it does not wish to beat?

But if it will try to cut off the supply trains and ships, if it will destroy the stores of an enemy which it can not use for itself, why should it not stop the production of supplies? And if it can not stop it altogether, why not do what it can? Does a General decline to destroy one baggage or supply train because he is not sure that he can destroy all that the enemy have? Does he hesitate to shoot or capture one soldier of the enemy because he may not be able to kill or capture the whole army?

Now the slaves are the producing class among the rebels. The rebels openly and defiantly boast that they are sure of bringing as many men upon any point as we can, because the old men and women can look after the slaves who raise the supplies, so that all their able-bodied men can go into the field; while they say that hundreds of thousands of our able-bodied must stay at home to raise our supplies. But their producing class naturally like us and hate their masters. If therefore we say to them, "You know that we are your friends, help us!" we give them the strongest inducement men can have to throw up their work and make their masters go home again.

You say that it will do no good. Try it and see. Here are a hundred people in a house which they have barricaded, and they are shooting us from the windows. Of those hundred forty wish us to conquer rather than the men in the house. But they are under the eye of those men, and they are not sure of being protected by us if they help us. Now if we know that, and if our real and sole object is to subdue those men as soon and as overwhelmingly as possible, what do we do? We shout to them, "Help us, and we will stand by you!" Then what? Then if the men in the house are really afraid of the forty among them, they will cry out, "We give it up!" If they are not afraid of them, we shall have secured forty friends among the enemy, and the result will be the same. If they do not surrender they will be destroyed.

Suppose that our day laborers and factory hands from Maine to Iowa were owned and sold by rich capitalists, as the rebels say all working men ought to be. Suppose they were kept under by precisely the same regulations by which the slaves are kept in order. Do you suppose that when Jeff Davis's army reached the Potomac he would or would not have issued a proclamation and said to them, "Here, you laboring men, help us and we will stand by you!"

Of course he would, because he means victory. He means to conquer or be conquered. He means to strike and hurt and weaken us in every way he can. He means that we shall see what he means. And when we mean that he shall see, as he sees the sun at noonday, that we mean the overwhelming suppression of this infamous rebellion against the rights of the people, he will scatter and fly like dust before the north wind.

THE WHAT IS IT?

AT a most threatening moment of the war the political campaign begins. Certainly when the country is in mortal peril there should be but one party, but there are two. Certainly any patriotic party which takes the field first should leave all party cries and traditions and stand upon a platform of a single plank, the salvation of the country by every means we can control. That course would annihilate all other parties among loyal men. No faithful citizen would dare to withstand that battle-cry.

But any party which should begin the campaign by declaring that we have no right to use every lawful means to success in this terrible war would betray the condition of its fidelity. The rebellion already flaunts its flag at the capital; its solid and desperate hordes swarm across the Potomac; there is no man so blind as not to see that every nerve must be strained and every effort tried to secure the victory of the Government; and here would be a party which says, coldly, "Yes, we'll help probably, provided that you don't use rifled cannon or grape shot."

Whose party would that be? The party of those whose homes are wasted, whose hearts bleed and break under the loss of their brave heroes? Would it be the party of those whose kindred lie in the unhallowed and treason-tainted soil of Virginia? of those who have freely given of all their treasures, who have seen their work stopped, their prospects blighted, and the prosperity of their nation checked, for no other reason than that some political leaders thought their power to be in danger? Would it be the party of the true-hearted and generous who, rather than see the glory of their country dimmed by a compromise of hopeless injustice, or by a disintegration breeding endless wars hereafter, would see the loyal citizens of the land struck down at their own doors?—the party of all who love their country more than a party, who hate rebellion more than they love party tradition?

No. A party which at this moment makes terms in its loyalty is one whose aims are perfectly evident. It wishes to show both the rebel and the loyal part of the country that loyal men are divided. Its flag is a white flag. Its cry, if it dared to utter it, is "Peace any how." It stands and beckons to Jeff Davis to push on. It says to loyal men at home, "'Tis no use." It believes in defeat. It wishes to dishearten. It says "Union," and means what he meant who said "My brother, how is it with thee?" It accepts disgrace, and calls it an understanding. It grovels in dishonor, and calls it fraternity. It slays the country, and with it all future hope of free institutions and of popular civil Liberty, and calls it peace. It surrenders the essential principle of the Government and submits to anarchy, then calls it compromise.

It is the party of the rebellion working in our own camp. Let us hope that there is none such. But should it appear, let every faithful man help to crush it.

NOT AN ABOLITION WAR.

"BUT this is not a war for the abolition of slavery, is it?"

No: and the assertion that any considerable party urges it for that purpose is false, and is made by demagogues to prevent a vigorous policy by alarming old party prejudices. The amusing absurdity that any loyal man is making upon the President "outrageous demands to violate his oath and trample on the Constitution" is simply political gag of the most melodramatic kind. The intention of repeating it from day to day is to help the success of the rebellion by dividing the North.

The object of this war is the restoration of the Union. It is not waged to hurt a single hair upon the head of any man, loyal or disloyal: nor to seize his property: nor to use his supplies: nor to occupy his land: nor to destroy his buildings. It is not waged to do any body or thing the least injury in the world: nor to interfere with any privilege; nor to touch any right. Its object is simply and only to maintain the Government, without which no man has the smallest guarantee for any right whatever.

But if in maintaining it, a hundred thousand men are shot upon the field, if property of every kind is seized and appropriated, if acres and districts are utterly desolated, if cities are laid in ashes, and slaves are liberated that they may not strengthen the enemy, all will be done, and done constitutionally, and done rightly, for all this is infinitely better than that the Government should be overthrown.

Yet the Constitution guarantees to every man security of life and property by the most solemn pledges. They can be taken from him only by due course of law—except when he is resisting the law. But to enforce his obedience to the law every thing which strengthens his resistance may be taken from him, and at last even his life itself. No man has any right more sacred than that to his life. The Constitution authorizes the Government, in the name of all the people, to kill any man who resists the laws after he has been properly summoned to yield.

In precisely the same way, when a formidable combination resists the laws, and not only resists, but makes war upon the country, it is to be suppressed by every means known to warfare. And those means are employed, not for the purpose of hurting the men or of meddling with their local institutions, but to maintain the law. When citizens arm themselves against the Government, which represents the sovereignty of the people, they put all their lives, all their institutions—every thing which they have and are, and which may aid their resistance—in mortal peril. *They* do it, and not the Government; just as a man who forcibly stops you by night upon the road exposes his life. If you kill him, it is he who has done it.

Neither the liberation of the slaves, nor the brave soldiers who fight, nor the stout sailors, nor the seizure of rebel property, nor the occupation of rebel land, nor the destruction of rebel houses and cities, nor all the means of warfare combined, may suffice to suppress the rebellion. No man is so foolish as to suppose that any single means will answer; no man is sure that all means together will succeed. But every man who wishes his country well, who believes that the hope of equal human rights falls with our fall, who feels that our defeat is the victory of Despotism and an Aristocracy, earnestly prays that, if that defeat must come, it may not be embittered by the thought that we did not do to save ourselves all that we might have done.

The only question for a man who looks solely at the salvation of the Government is, Does slavery help the rebellion? If not, he will not urge emancipation. If it does, he will insist that to help save the Union the slaves shall be freed. Then, if some foolish fellow says, "You can't do it," we can tell him that we will try.

A BASE INSINUATION.

WHEN any general is exhorted to overthrow the Government by the bayonet as General M'Clellan has been, he is asked to do exactly what Lee, and Jackson, and Bragg are doing. Can the person, the paper, or the party that asks him, really be loyal to that Government?

The army, it must be remembered, is made up of the brothers, sons, and friends of all of us. They are citizens of the United States. They are in arms to defend its Government. They know why they are there. To ask a general to lead them against the Government is to invite them to be traitors. The general who should try it would probably find in a very summary way that they were not so.

Nor is there any general in the field who commands that idolatrous admiration which is essential to such an enterprise. The corps of the different commanders are generally warmly attached to them. But there is no single general who unites them over all others. This we all know, because every man has hundreds of friends in the army, and he knows that being citizens they differ and discuss exactly as we do at home. If, therefore, any general should be seduced into the fatal movement, he would find that he had an army to fight him as well as one to follow him. Meanwhile the enemy would conquer, but that is precisely what those who suggest the plan desire.

There is another point. What opinion can those hold of a Union general who propose to him to become a traitor? What would the American people have thought of a man in the Revolution who should have urged Washington to turn his arms to coerce the Congress of the Confederation, dilatory and distracted as it was? If it had been an editor who dared to suggest it they would have kicked him out of his office, and Washington, if he did not shoot the fellow upon the spot, would have had him whipped out of camp.

The same voices that call upon M'Clellan to take this rash step are those which sneered at Frémont's daring to attempt it when he was superseded. Such infamy was in their minds only, not in his. None of our armies has ever been attached to its general as that of the West was to Frémont. But his serene obedience to the constituted authorities of the Government was just what it ought to have been; and with a word he repressed even the slightest manifestation of displeasure upon the part of his men.

Such men, who love their leaders because they believe in them, such leaders who trust and try the bravery of their men, are the soul and body of invincible armies.

There have been hard things said of General M'Clellan, but there has been no insinuation so base as this, and this not from his enemies but his *professed* friends.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"WE should always provide against a rainy day," as the member of the —— Club said when he stole the umbrella out of the hall.

"Prevention is better than cure," as the pig said when it ran away with all its might to escape the killing attentions of the pork-butcher.

"Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye—jist tell me that? for it's myself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that Father O'Flannagan sent me home to yer house." "Swate jewel!" replied Pat, not relishing the charge, "and it's myself that hopes I may live to see the day when ye're a widow, waping over the cold sod that covers me; then, by St. Patrick, I'll see how you get along without me, honey!"

Colonel Smith's pantry was somewhat troubled with mice; so the Colonel determined to try a trap. An inquisitive neighbor, whose curiosity was aroused by seeing a light burning all one night in the Colonel's house, stationed himself at his window the following night, and saw the Colonel, in his dressing-gown, bait his trap and go off, after having placed a lighted candle close to it. The next day, having met the Colonel, he asked him why he placed the candle by his trap? "So that the mice may see to go in," was the reply.

"I'll haul you over the coals," as the policeman said to the thief when he caught him in the area.

There is a man in Pentonville so knowing that the men who don't know their own minds come to him for information on the subject.

Cæsar, being asked by Brutus how many eggs he ate for breakfast, answered, "*Et tu, Brute.*"

Laziness will cover your garden with weeds. Hard drinking, if you keep it up, will cover your wife with weeds.

"I suspect that petroleum is explosive, after all; at least, I've known a good many capitalists burst up by it!"

Our stipendiary friend, upon being asked by a lady, the other day, whether he liked babies, replied that he did not think them very interesting until they were able to *stand a loan*.

Tom Hood said that, when a young man, he couldn't wink at a girl but that she took it for an offer of marriage. The consequence was, that a good many of the girls got Hood-winked.

There are people who mistake impertinence for wit, and often get more than a Roland for their Oliver. One of these persons, seeing a man of learning enjoying the pleasures of the table, said, "So, Sir, I see philosophers can indulge in the greatest delicacies." "Why not," replied the other, "do you think Providence intended all good things for the ignorant?"

Milton was once asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages; to which he replied, "No, Sir; one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

"Is it not astonishing," said a wealthy individual, "that a large fortune was left me by a person who had only seen me once?" "It would have been still more astonishing," said a wag, "if he had left it you after seeing you twice."

Politeness is not always a sign of wisdom; but the want of it is always a strong symptom of folly.

It would be very imprudent of any railway company to allow a washer-woman to dry clothes upon their line.

ADVICE GRATIS TO YOUNG MEN.—If you shoot a duck you may, by jumping into a river after it, get two ducks.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE REBEL INVASION OF MARYLAND.

FOR details of the rebel invasion of Maryland we refer the reader to page 618. Here we may briefly say that the rebels under Jackson, Lee, Longstreet, and other Generals, crossed the lower fords of the Upper Potomac near Leesburg on the 4th, 5th, and 6th September, and moved directly on Frederick, Maryland, which place they occupied in force. On 7th, General M'Clellan at the head of a large army, with Burnside, Hooker, Sigel, and other Generals, marched to meet them. On 8th he reached Rockville; on 10th and 11th he wedged his army between the rebels and the fords of the Potomac by which they had crossed, thus cutting them off from retreat in that direction; on the 10th or 11th the invaders, perceiving his drift, moved on Hagerstown and occupied the place; on 12th General M'Clellan's advance, under General Pleasanton, entered Frederick and drove a portion of the rebel cavalry, who were protecting the rear, from that city, after a brief skirmish in the streets. Our troops were wildly welcomed; but when General Burnside passed through on 13th, and when General M'Clellan arrived the same day, the enthusiasm of the citizens knew no bounds. They turned out *en masse* to greet them, and it was with difficulty that M'Clellan could reach his head-quarters through the surging crowd of excited people. General Burnside at once pushed on after the rebels with his whole force, occupying every road, and even crossing the fields to come up with them. The three stone bridges across the Monocacy were found uninjured, though the fine iron railroad bridge was destroyed. The rebels devoured almost all the provisions in Frederick before they left, and even robbed the hospital of all the medical stores, although they left four hundred and fifty of their own sick behind them. General Franklin has captured a rebel train of a hundred ammunition and subsistence wagons, and sent back one hundred and fifty prisoners to Frederick. On 14th, early in the morning, our advance, under Hooker and Reno, attacked the enemy, who was on the heights near Hagerstown. The battle lasted all day, and ended in a Union victory, the rebels being driven from the heights with great loss. Simultaneously General Franklin, on our left—*i. e.* near the river—was engaged, and was equally successful. On the morning of the 15th the enemy commenced a retreat toward the Potomac, in the direction of Williamsport, and General M'Clellan pushed on toward Hagerstown and Sharpsburg. But General White having surrendered Harper's Ferry, Jackson's army recrossed the Potomac into Maryland, effected a junction with Lee, and prepared for a general battle. Rumor states that it is probably going on now (17th).

THE HEIGHTS OF HAGERSTOWN STORMED.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
THREE MILES BEYOND MIDDLETOWN,
Sept. 14—9.40 P.M.

H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

After a very severe engagement the corps of General Hooker and General Reno have carried the heights commanding the Hagerstown road by storm.

The troops behaved magnificently. They never fought better.

General Franklin has been hotly engaged on the extreme left. I do not yet know the result, except that the firing indicated progress on his part.

The action continued until after dark, and terminated leaving us in possession of the entire crest.

It has been a glorious victory.

I can not yet tell whether the enemy will retreat during the night or appear in increased force during the morning.

I regret to add that the gallant and able General Reno was killed.

GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

GENERAL FRANKLIN'S SUCCESS.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Sept. 15—8 A.M.

H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

I am happy to inform you that General Franklin's success on the left was as complete as that on the centre and right, and resulted in his getting possession of the Gap, after a severe engagement in all parts of the line.

The troops, old and new, behaved with the utmost steadiness and gallantry, carrying, with but little assistance from our own artillery, very strong positions, defended by artillery and infantry.

I do not think our loss very severe.

The corps of Generals D. H. Hill and Longstreet were engaged with our right.

We have taken a considerable number of prisoners.

The enemy disappeared during the night. Our troops are now advancing in pursuit. I do not know where he will next be found.

GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

LEE CONFESSES HIMSELF SHOCKINGLY WHIPPED.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Sept. 15—8 A.M.

H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

I have just learned from General Hooker, in the advance, who states that the information is perfectly reliable, that the enemy is making for the river in a perfect panic, and General Lee stated last night, publicly, that he must admit they had been shockingly whipped.

I am hurrying every thing forward to endeavor to press their retreat to the utmost.

GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

STATES HIS LOSS TO BE 17,000 MEN.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
BOLIVAR, *Sept.* 15—10 A.M.

H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

Information this moment received completely confirms the rout and demoralization of the rebel army.

General Lee is reported wounded, and Garland killed.

General Hooker alone has over a thousand more prisoners, seven hundred having been sent to Frederick.

It is stated that Lee gives his loss as seventeen thousand.

We are following as rapidly as the men can move.

GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

SURRENDER OF HARPER'S FERRY.

Harper's Ferry was gallantly held by Colonel Miles and General White against an overwhelming force for two days or more, but was compelled to surrender at ten o'clock on Monday morning. The rebels are said to have abandoned it on 16th, in such haste that they had not time to parole more than half the prisoners, the rest being discharged, unconditionally, of course. Colonel Miles was wounded in the action by a shell in the leg, and is said to have since died of his wound.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

The news from Kentucky is somewhat confused; the reader will find some scraps of intelligence on page 615. On 9th the rebel army under Kirby Smith advanced to within 5 miles of Covington, and the large army collected for the defense of Cincinnati felt confident of a battle. Some picket skirmishing actually took place. But on 11th the rebels began to retreat, and our latest dates report that they have fallen back as far as Florence, whether from natural anxiety about their lines of retreat, which are said to be menaced by Buell, or from a desire to draw our troops out of their intrenchments, is matter of conjecture. The Governor of Ohio has called his militia home, as a large force of volunteers, comprising many veteran regiments, have already arrived at Cincinnati. Respecting the movements of Buell and Bragg every thing is enveloped in mystery. Buell seems to have moved from Alabama across Tennessee to Nashville, where part of his force now is, another column having been dispatched to assail Kirby Smith's rear. Whether Bragg is still at Chattanooga, or elsewhere in Tennessee, we have no means of knowing.

FRIGHT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The State Treasurer of Pennsylvania has arrived here, bringing important archives and much treasure with him for safe keeping, and many Philadelphia capitalists have sent quantities of specie here also for the same purpose.

SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY.

General Lee has issued the following proclamation:

LEE'S HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
NEAR FREDERICKTOWN, *Sept.* 8, 1862.

TO THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND:

It is right that you should know the purpose that has brought the army under my command within the limits of your State so far as that purpose concerns yourselves.

The people of the Confederate States have long watched with the deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of a Commonwealth allied to the States of the South by the strongest social, political, and commercial ties, and reduced to the condition of a conquered province.

Under the pretense of supporting the Constitution, but in violation of its most valuable provisions, your citizens have been arrested and imprisoned upon no charge, and contrary to all the form of law.

A faithful and manly protest against this outrage, made by a venerable and illustrious Marylander, to whom in better days no citizen appealed for right in vain, was treated with scorn and contempt.

The government of your chief city has been usurped by armed strangers; your Legislature has been dissolved by the unlawful arrest of its members; freedom of the press and of speech has been suppressed; words have been declared offenses by an arbitrary decree of the Federal executive, and citizens ordered to be tried by military commissions for what they may dare to speak.

Believing that the people of Maryland possess a spirit too lofty to submit to such a Government, the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this foreign yoke, to enable you again to enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen, and restore the independence and sovereignty of your State.

In obedience to this wish our army has come among you, and is prepared to assist you with the power of its arms in regaining the rights of which you have been so unjustly despoiled.

This, citizens of Maryland, is our mission so far as you are concerned. No restraint upon your free-will is intended—no intimidation will be allowed within the limits of this army at least. Marylanders shall once more enjoy their ancient freedom of thought and speech. We know no enemies among you, and will protect all of you in every opinion.

It is for you to decide your destiny, freely and without constraint. This army will respect your choice, whatever it may be; and, while the Southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come of your own free-will.

R. E. LEE, General Commanding.

A SKIRMISH AT WILLIAMSBURG.

A rebel force of cavalry, with three pieces of artillery, under Colonel Shingles, made an attack on Williamsburg on 9th inst. about eight o'clock. After having captured our pickets they marched into the town, taking our troops by surprise. An engagement ensued, which lasted about thirty minutes, leaving us in possession. Our force consisted of the Fifth Pennsylvania cavalry, Colonel Campbell, who was taken prisoner, together with five captains, four lieutenants, and a few privates. The rebel commander, Colonel Shingles, with eight of his officers and men were killed.

A FIGHT AT WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

The rebels, twelve hundred strong, made an attack on Washington, North Carolina, on the morning of the 6th inst., and were repulsed and pursued seven miles. Our force engaged numbered only four hundred, and the battle lasted two hours. The First Regiment of North Carolina Union Volunteers was engaged, and is said to have behaved with the greatest bravery. A large number of the rebels were killed and wounded; our loss was seven killed and forty-seven wounded. The gun-boat *Louisiana* rendered essential service in shelling the rebels out of a strong position. The gun-boat *Picket* was blown up by the accidental explosion of her magazine, and Captain Nichols and nineteen men were killed, and six wounded.

THE WAR IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

A brisk succession of fights took place last week in Western Virginia, commencing on 9th. The Union forces under Colonel Siber, were attacked by the rebels, five thousand strong, between Fayette and Gauley, and fought till dark. Our men cut their way through gallantly to Gauley, with a loss of one hundred killed and wounded. Another rebel force, meantime, attacked Colonel Lightburn at Gauley Bridge, compelling him to retire down the Kanawha—fighting every inch of ground—and still farther to the Elk River, where he made a grand stand on Friday. At last accounts—13th, 6 P.M.—he was holding his ground, and had shelled the town of Charleston and destroyed all the salt-works in the vicinity. This news reaches us by telegraph from Gallipolis, Ohio.

THE PRIVATEER "FLORIDA."

The rebel steamer *Oreto*—now named the *Florida*—arrived at Havana from Nassau, N. P., by way of Cardenas. When at Green Key she mounted her guns. She was permitted to remain at Cardenas to the 31st ultimo, having a Spanish war vessel on each side of her. She has lost many men by yellow fever and desertion. Among the dead is the son of her commander, John N. Maffit. The *Florida* mounts eight very heavy guns, and carries the iron plates for covering her with armor in her hold. Captain Maffit was still ill. Her first officer is —— Stribling, formerly of the *Sumter*. On the 1st instant the *Florida* was ordered to sea from Havana, and steamed out in the midst of a severe storm.

PERSONAL.

Appleton Oaksmith, who has been confined in Suffolk (Massachusetts) jail since December last, and was convicted in June of fitting out a vessel for the slave-trade, made his escape from the jail on 11th inst., and it is supposed had been gone four hours before he was missed. A ladder having been found standing against the yard wall, there is no doubt he gained the rear of the jail by that means. His escape was not known until 10 o'clock. A reward of $300 is offered for his arrest and return. A motion for a new trial was pending, to be argued in October.

General Jim Lane's recruiting operations in Kansas have been most successful. He has raised five white regiments, and organized 1200 colored loyalists.

Major-General Cassius M. Clay has been ordered to report in person to Major-General Butler, at New Orleans, for duty in the Department of the Gulf.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MORE MEDIATION TALK.

THE Peace Society of London has issued an address to the people of the United States advising a settlement of the war by means of foreign mediation.

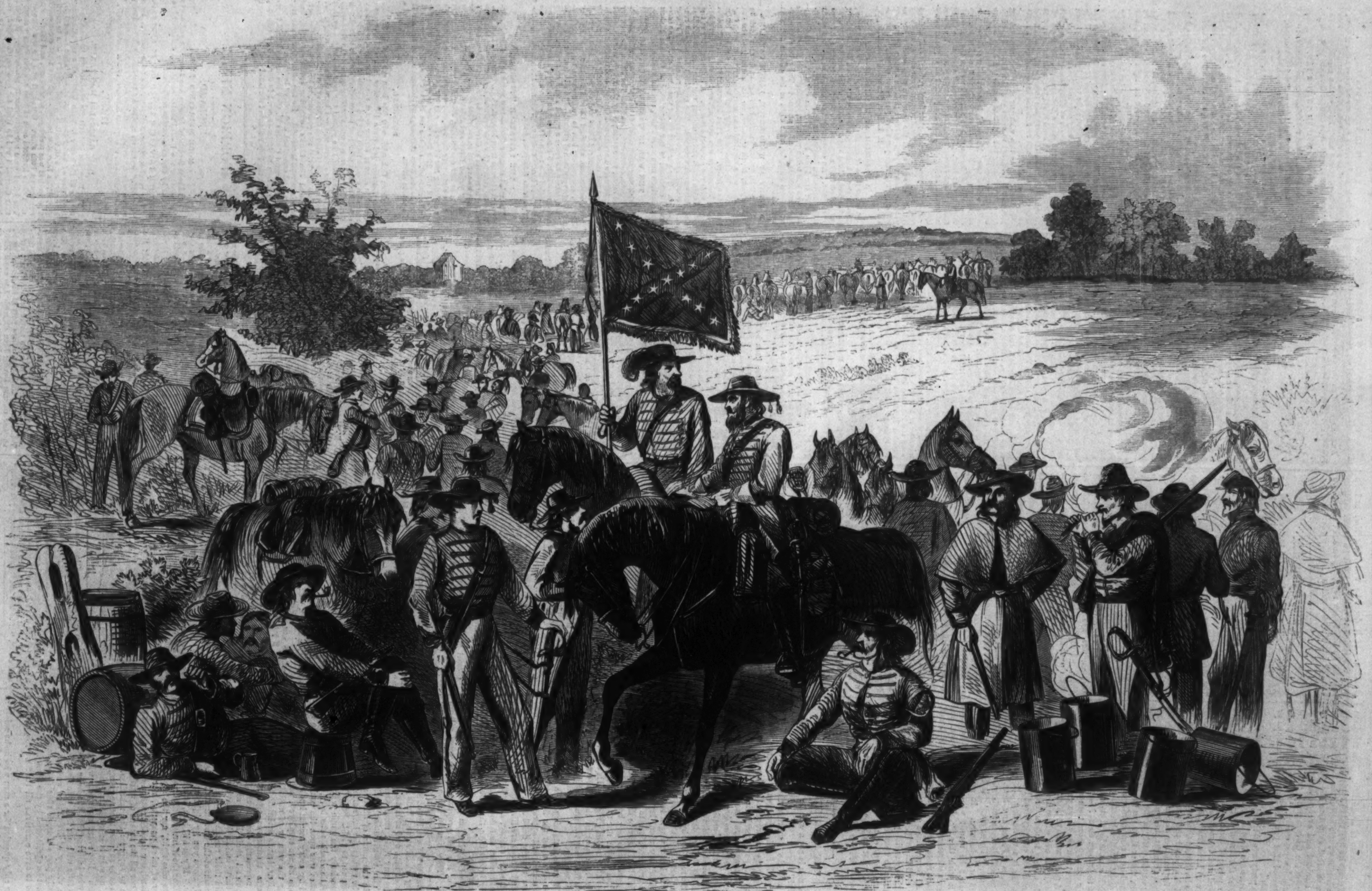
ANOTHER PRIVATEER FITTED OUT IN ENGLAND.

The rebel steamer *Alabama*, alias the *Eurica*, alias "No. 290," has been spoken by the British West India mail steamer, steering west, and fully armed and manned, under command of Captain Semmes, late of the *Sumter*.

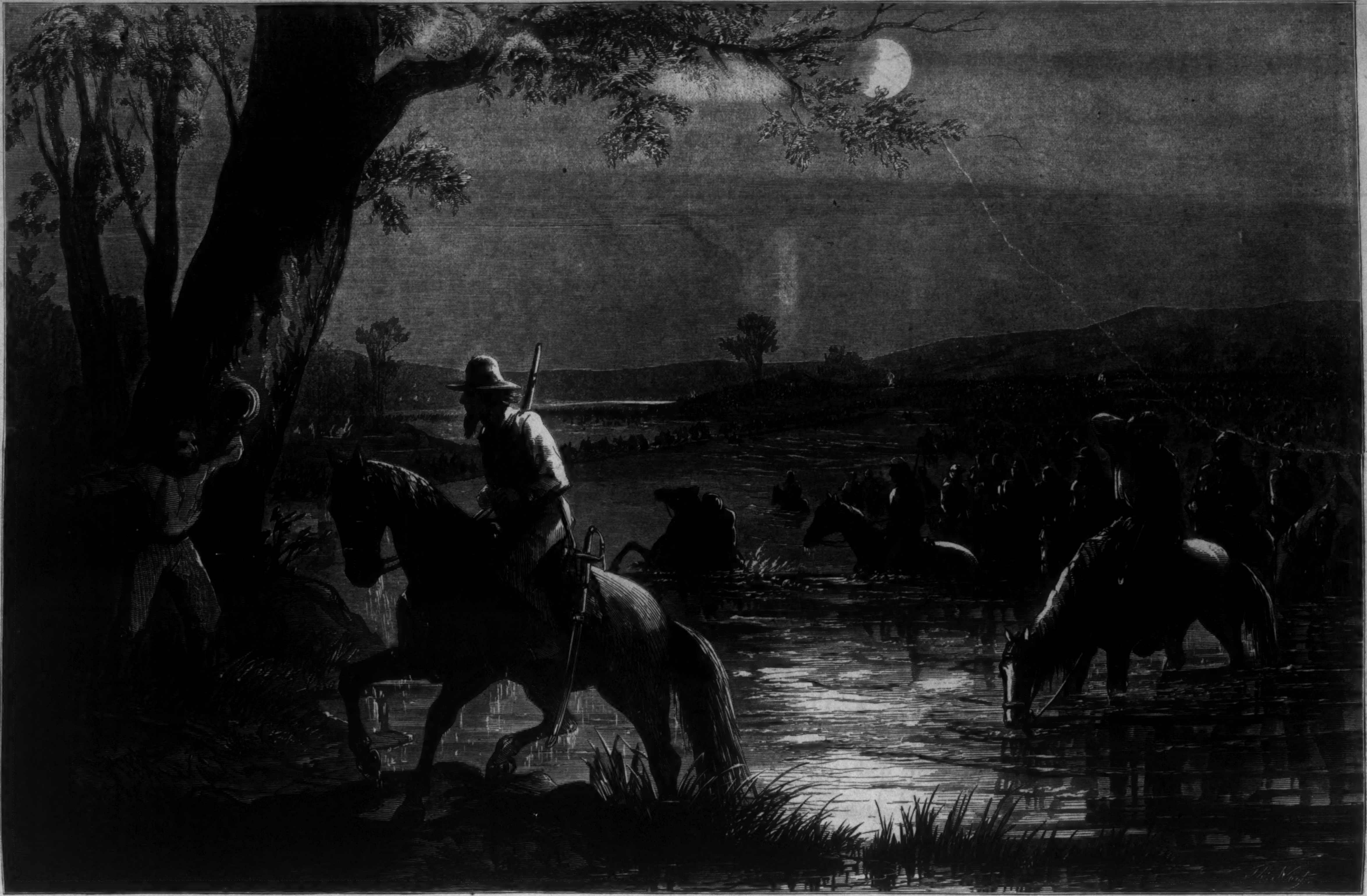
ITALY.

HOW GARIBALDI WAS TAKEN.

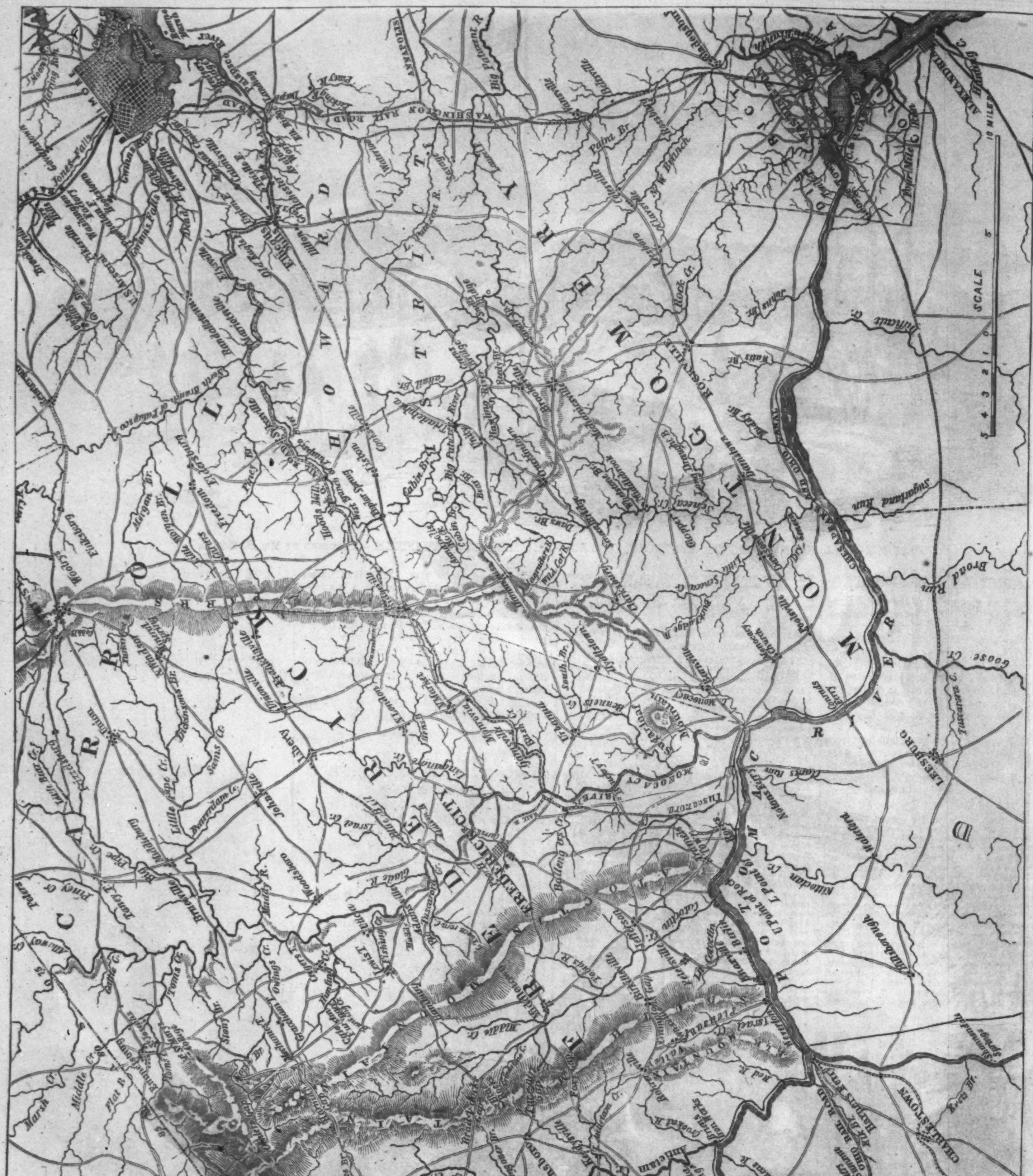
The European journals are occupied in publishing the details of the battle between Garibaldi's volunteers and the troops of Victor Emanuel. The Italian General had an interview with Garibaldi, and called on him to surrender. The Liberator refused, and the fight commenced. The contest was prolonged, sanguinary, and fought with courage on both sides. Garibaldi and his son Menotte, with three hundred men of both armies, were wounded. The killed were not numerous in proportion. It is said that Garibaldi will be tried for treason, convicted, sentenced, and then pardoned, on giving his parole to leave Europe for an indefinite period.



THE FIRST VIRGINIA (REBEL) CAVALRY AT A HALT.—Sketched from Nature by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 618.]

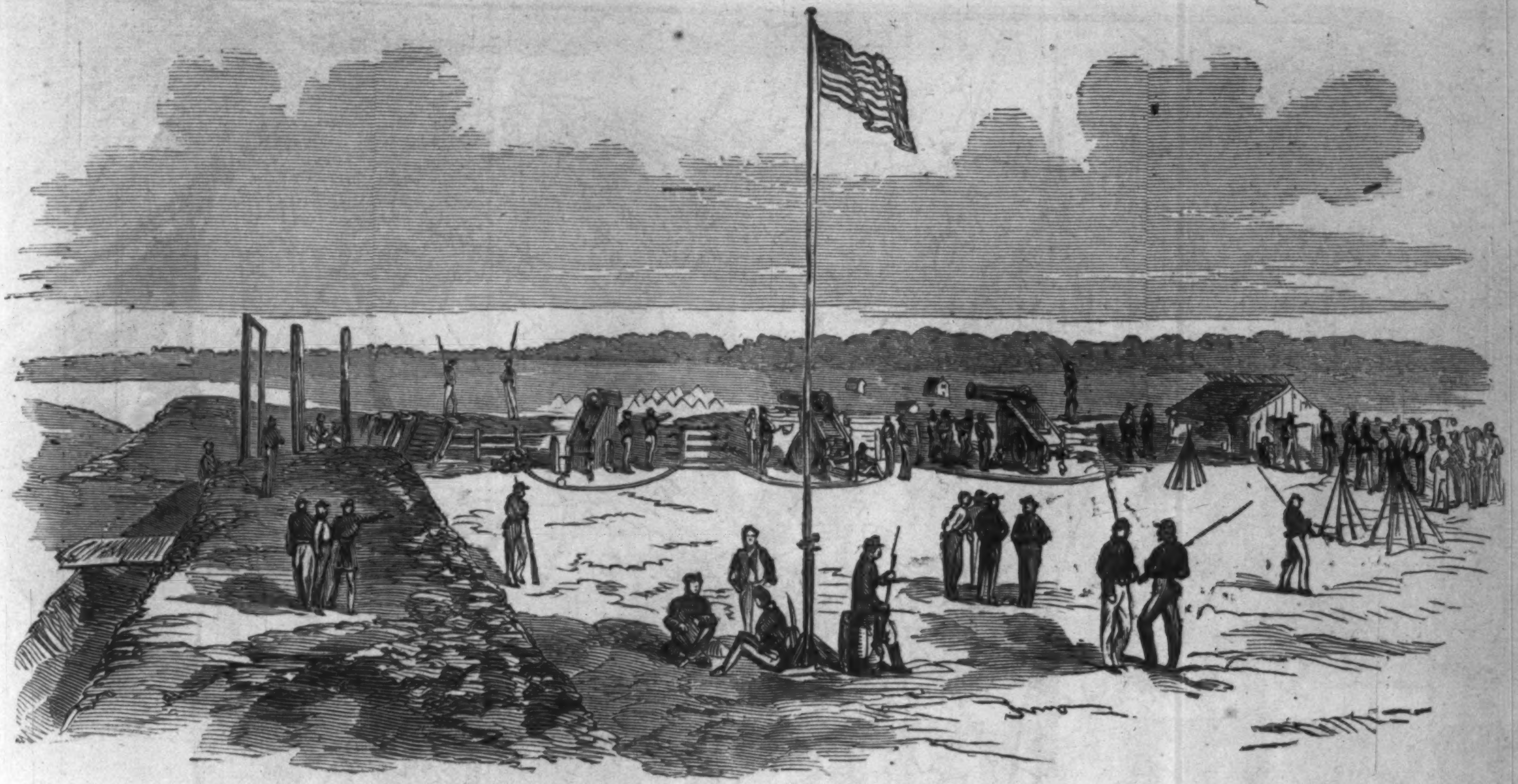


THE REBEL ARMY CROSSING THE FORDS OF THE POTOMAC FOR THE INVASION OF MARYLAND.—[See Page 618.]



HAGERSTOWN
FRANKLIN RAIL ROAD
Greencastle
MARTINSBURG
CHARLESTOWN
Sharpsburg
Boonsborough
Harpers Ferry
FREDERICK CITY
FREDERICK
CARROLL
HOWARD DISTRICT
MONTGOMERY
ROCKVILLE
LEESBURG
POTOMAC RIVER
WASHINGTON RAIL ROAD
Antietam Cr.
Opequan Cr.
Sugarland Run
Broad Run
Goose Cr.
SCALE
10 MILES

GENERAL MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN MARYLAND.—[SEE PAGE 618.]



FORT MITCHELL, NEAR COVINGTON, KENTUCKY, COVERING THE LEXINGTON TURNPIKE.—[Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.]

OUR ARMY AT CINCINNATI.

On page 609 we give a view of the city of Cincinnati, the Queen City of the West, which has been menaced by the rebels under Kirby Smith; on the same page a picture of Our Troops Crossing to Covington, Kentucky, over a pontoon bridge which was made by the citizens of Cincinnati in a single day; and on this page a view of Fort Mitchell, the work erected to protect the pike from Covington to Lexington; and a picture of the Pontoon Bridge thrown over Kentucky Creek.

At the time we write Kirby Smith and the rebels he leads are reported to have fallen back to a place called Florence; whether with a view to "skedaddle" back to rebeldom or to entice our troops out of their fortifications remains to be seen. A correspondent, writing from Cincinnati, says:

> The country volunteers, with their squirrel rifles, are again pouring in for the defense of Cincinnati from all parts of the country, and in a day or two there will be thousands of them here ready for any kind of work. They will, no doubt, be kept in the city until organized and drilled; for they will answer as well for city guards as the more experienced men, who are now all wanted in the front. From my window I can look upon the hills on which the enemy's pickets now are, and which are about the centre of our position. To the right and left the hills are higher, or else I might view the entire battle-ground as I write an account of it. A good locality I possess to view and describe a fight, but an uncomfortable one, you will say, if the enemy possess guns of very long range, which I hear they have.
>
> Covington to-day presented a most dilapidated appearance; but few of the inhabitants were visible, stores all closed, and the streets were occupied entirely by troops moving or vehicles attached to the army. The buildings looked as if erected in the year One, and, in my judgment, the country would suffer but little loss were Covington wiped out. Newport, on the east side of the Licking River, is but little, if any, better; and both only serve to obstruct what would be, were they away, a most beautiful landscape.

Another letter-writer to the *Herald* thus speaks of the volunteers at Cincinnati:

> Major-Generals Wright and Lew Wallace rode over and reviewed the troops in Covington yesterday afternoon. The display was very fine, and probably satisfactory. The boys were in splendid spirits, and are chock-full of fight and confidence. Much enthusiasm greeted the Generals every where, and the Indianians were almost wild over Lew Wallace, their confidence in his ability and courage being unlimited, and may stand in good stead in the approaching contest. Let all men say what they will about green regiments and raw recruits; let them cry them down as much as they choose, as many newspapers and newspaper correspondents are now doing; let them iterate and reiterate that the vast body of volunteers now congregated in and around Covington are only fit subjects to be gobbled up by Kirby Smith's veteran soldiers; that they will only be a breakfast-spell or a light evening's repast for the well-drilled rebels—no such fears or childish forebodings enter my mind. Green men and raw recruits will fight. I have seen them do it; and a body of troops of finer material, both physical and mental, than the army now massed at Covington, never was seen, or known, or heard of. If Kirby Smith takes them for a breakfast-spell it will be the bloodiest breakfast-spell on record, and few of his men will want any dinner. If for an evening's repast, many of them will find the meal any thing but of easy digestion. I have no thought that our brave fellows will skedaddle; but on the contrary, from what I have seen, that they will stand up nobly to their work and beat back the rebel hordes with a determination that shall make a repulse a defeat. The men are all sound and right, and will do all that is expected of them, and more too, if their officers keep cool and act with judgment.

Speaking of Fort Mitchell, a correspondent writes: "Fort Mitchell is on an eminence commanding the Lexington pike. In front of it there is an extended plain, broken only by a few trees and one or two very nice-looking houses. At a distance of not more than a mile from the fort is a line of dense woods, and in these woods are the enemy's pickets, our own being not more than a quarter of a mile this side of them. Our fellows, without the aid of a glass even, could be seen in different positions, some in a fence corner, others behind a tree, and a few crawling stealthily along on all fours, watching a chance. The country around Fort Mitchell is very beautiful."

NOT IN VAIN.

Lo! when flames of war outleaping,
  Set our native land ablaze,
Men from every town came sweeping,
  Choking up the great highways.
Footfalls like the sands of ocean
  Sounded from the martial throng;
Stubborn as the sea in motion
  Flowed the steady tide along.

Thick and fast the horrid slaughter
  Gleaned the ranks of men,
Flowed the heroes' blood like water
  Surging to the charge again.
Sabre-stroke and musket-rattle
  Raged their serried ranks among,
Till loud above the din of battle
  The welcome cry of Victory! rung

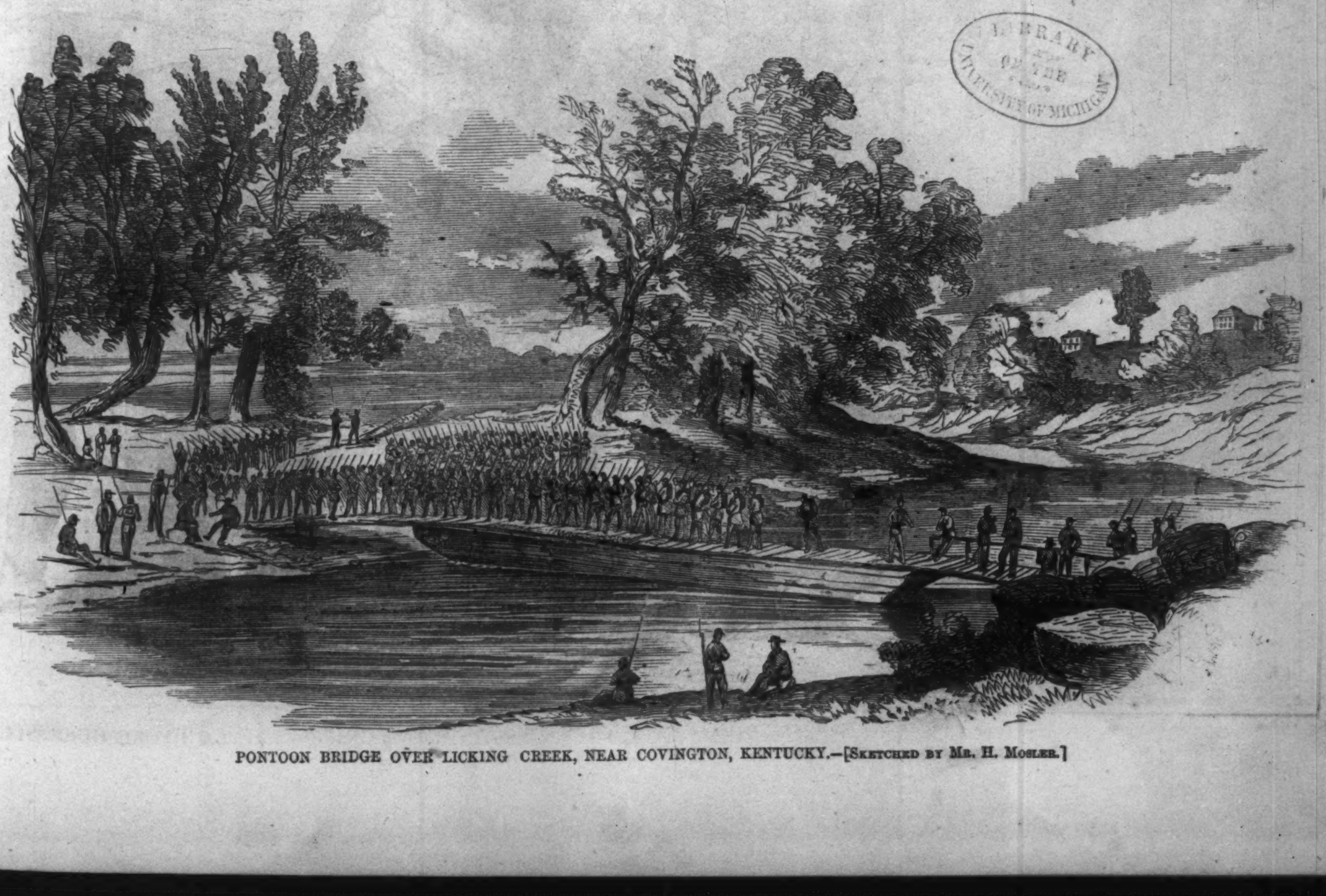
Tell me, was it useless dying?
  Ye who stay behind and sneer.
Think ye Freedom's hope is lying
  Stark among the dead men dear?
No! the sacred blood which flows
  Like a river from their veins,
Redder than the flame which throws
  Sadness on Virginia's plains,

Shall that gloomy land restore
  Unto Freedom's cause again.
Back in its scabbard thrust the sword—
  No patriot's blood is shed in vain.
From the fields which blackened are
  By the enemy's bivouac fire,
Rescued from the toils of war
  Shall arise the chapel's spire.

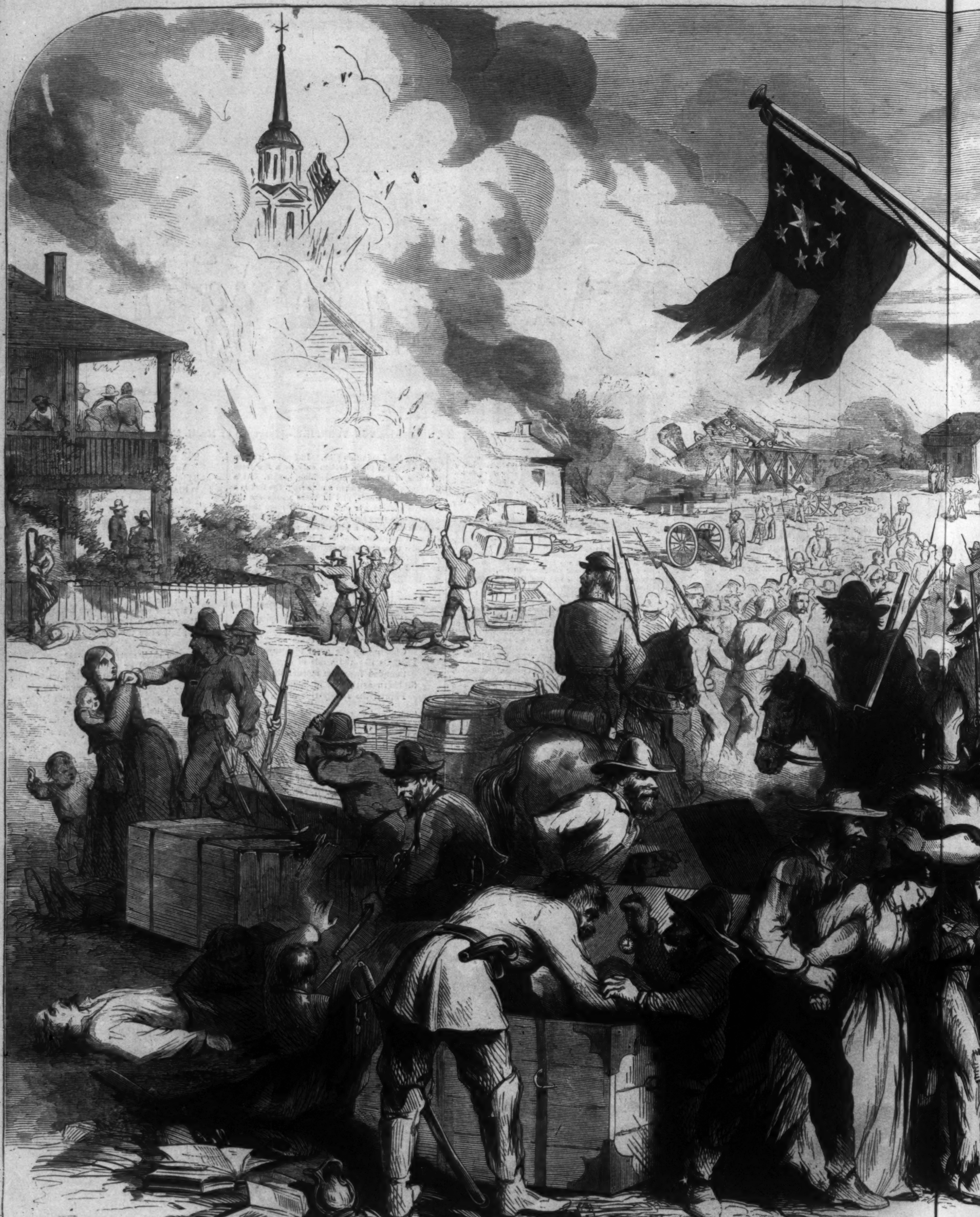
Justice shall assert her cause
  Unabashed by sword or threat,
And freemen institute their laws
  By voice, and not by bayonet.
Storms may burst and tempests lower
  O'er the loved land to-day,
Liberty's sun, with mighty power,
  Soon shall chase that gloom away.

Yes! prophetic voices crying
  In the wilderness to-day,
Tell me that our dead and dying
  Have not thrown their lives away.

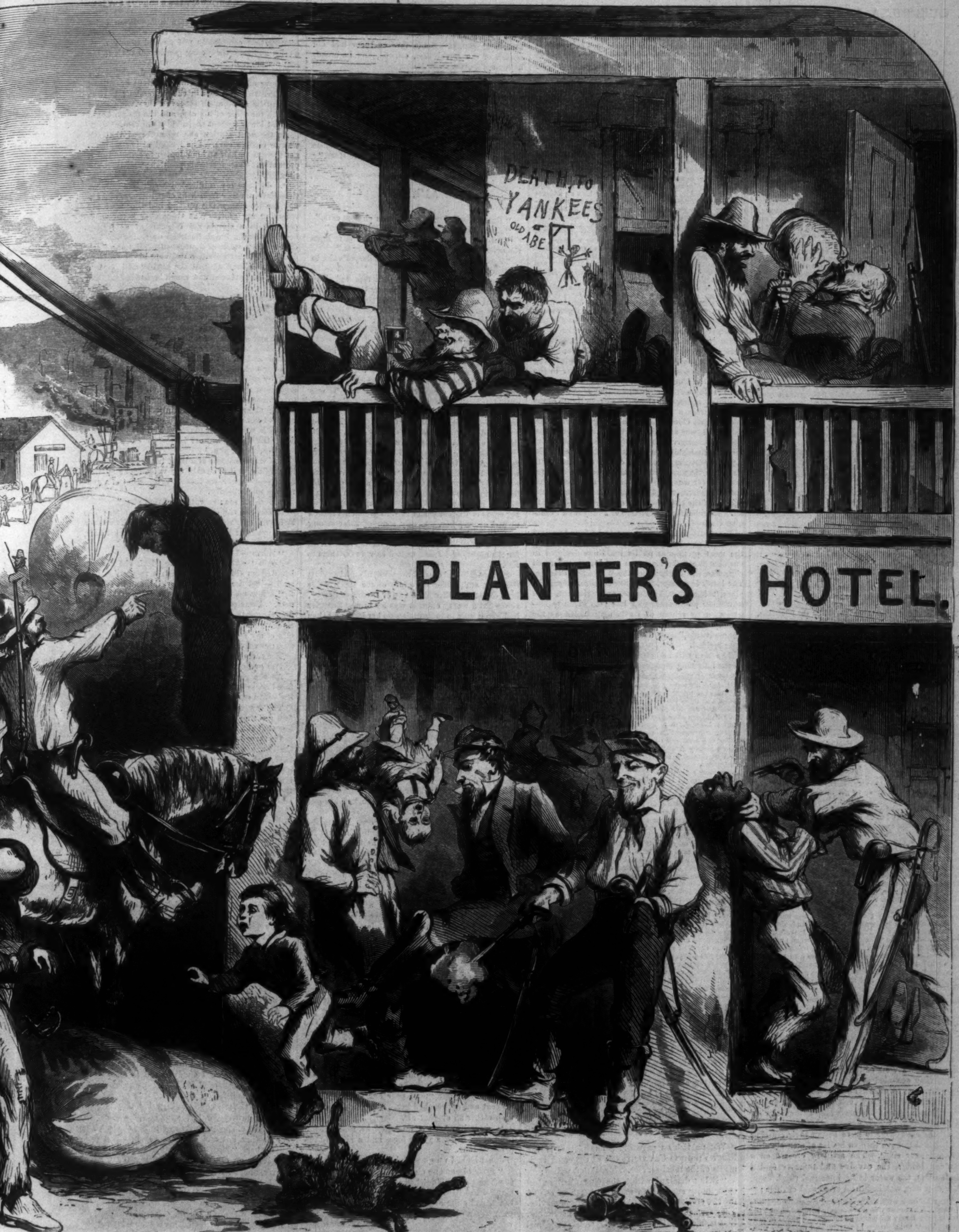
LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



PONTOON BRIDGE OVER LICKING CREEK, NEAR COVINGTON, KENTUCKY.—[Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.]



A REBEL GUERRILLA RAID IN A WEST


DEATH TO YANKEES & OLD ABE
PLANTER'S HOTEL.

ESTERN TOWN.—[See next P

A GUERRILLA RAID IN THE WEST.

WE publish on pages 616 and 617 a large illustration of a GUERRILLA RAID IN THE WEST, in order that our readers may understand the sort of war which the rebels are waging. John Morgan, the highwayman of Kentucky, boasts of his success in this style of warfare. By way of confirming the truthfulness of our artist's picture, we subjoin a few extracts culled from recent papers:

> Clouds and darkness are gathering and thickening around the counties of Southern Kentucky. Terror and alarm prevail among the people. Society is torn to pieces, while order and civil law are dead letters. Guerrillas scout the country, and men are shot down in the streets of the towns. Horses are taken from wagons, travelers are left on foot in the road, houses are pillaged, and families driven to the woods for shelter. George B. Blakey and Captain Morrow came in here from Russellville to-day. The former came to beseech reinforcements for the protection of himself, his friends, and neighbors; the latter for the safety of his life, which was threatened, and of which he came near being deprived in a recent attack upon him by the miscreant rebels of his town. Russellville is twenty-eight miles south of this point, and immediately on the Memphis and Clarksville Railroad. Mr. Blakey says the few Union citizens of the place suffer every conceivable indignity, and they lie down at night, not to sleep, but to remain in defenseless terror until the dawn. An attack is apprehended upon Russellville, and the greatest alarm prevailed, as the small force stationed there is insufficient to hold out against a combined attack of the guerrillas.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Every day new barbarities perpetrated by the rebels come to light. This week two soldiers who had straggled from the ranks on the march from —— were found, if is reported on credible authority, by the roadside with their throats cut from ear to ear.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Here the rebels were guilty of barbarous atrocities. Many of the dead had their throats cut, and presented a horrible spectacle. One man was brought in who had had *his eyes picked out by their bayonets.* In short, they evinced the most unrelenting fury on finding this way of retreat cut off to them.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Numbers of our men were found with their throats cut, and some had their eyes picked out. One was found tied to a tree. But enough of these horrors—I must conclude.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> To what depths of inhuman wickedness men, or fiends, can descend! Prisoners taken by the rebels were afterward deliberately murdered, and the fingers of our dead cut off to secure rings. We grow wiser every day.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> The main bodies of the guerrillas (in Missouri) are north and west of us. You hear through the papers of the principal skirmishes taking place daily, but there are hundreds of cases of individual assassination that never will be known outside their immediate neighborhood. I can count six cases in this county during the last week, and this is considered one of the most civil counties in the State.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Fifty of Morgan's men went to Scottsville on Monday, made several arrests, and carried off a large quantity of goods from several stores, leaving that afternoon, and promising to return that night with the whole force. There is great excitement at Glasgow.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> The rules of war are entirely ignored by the guerrillas, and their men are made enthusiastic demons by the promises of plunder, a chance to murder the hated Yankees with impunity, and of larger liberty to gratify their fiendish hate whenever they enter the free States, which they are confident of doing at a very early day. The guerrilla system of warfare has always heretofore been ignored by every civilized people—not alone for its barbarity, but because, as a military agency, it was almost useless.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> The barbarities in respect to our dead are not exceeded by any thing in the history of the last four thousand years, the details being savage practices.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> One man says: They kept bayoneting me until I received fourteen wounds. One then left me, the other remaining over me, when a Union soldier coming up shot him in the breast, and he fell dead. I lay on the ground until ten o'clock next day.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> The fellow at first made no reply, but, stooping down, seized the dead man by the hair and dragged him partially out of his grave, in order to get at the buttons on his clothes for trophies.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Another saw the brains of the wounded being beaten out by clubs, thus confirming the previous newspaper reports.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> About one o'clock Sunday morning, the 7th inst., Quantrell, with two hundred and thirty men, dashed into and took possession of Olathe, the county seat of Johnson County, Kansas. From that time until he left, at an early hour in the morning, he and his men were engaged in the work of murder, plunder, and devastation.
>
> Mr. Skinner and Mr. Wiggins, both recruits, were killed for making resistance. Mr. Blanchard, of Spring Hill, was also killed. They took fifty horses and mules, attached them to the best wagons they could find, and loaded them with goods seized from the stores. Private houses were entered, furniture broken, blankets stolen, and doors and windows beaten down. A Union flag suspended over the recruiting-office of Captain Hayes was torn to shreds and trampled in the dust by these mad assailants.
>
> Quantrell said when he left that he was going to Paola, and that he should not rest until he had laid the border in ruin.

THE INVASION OF MARYLAND.

ON page 613 we publish an illustration of THE REBELS CROSSING ONE OF THE FORDS OF THE UPPER POTOMAC for the invasion of Maryland; on page 620 a view of the CITY OF FREDERICK, which they occupied at once, but which we have since retaken; on page 621 a view of HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND, which they occupied on 10th; and on page 614 a large and elaborate Map of the SEAT OF WAR.

The rebels appear to have begun their crossing on 4th, and to have thrown bodies of men steadily forward ever since. The artillery crossed on a pontoon bridge, the cavalry and infantry forded the stream, the water being knee and thigh deep. A person who watched them cross said of them:

> The rebels are wretchedly clad, and generally destitute of shoes. The cavalry men are mostly barefooted, and the feet of the infantry are bound up in rags and pieces of rawhide. Their uniforms are in tatters, and many are without hats or caps. They are very sanguine of success, and say that when they get to Baltimore they will get every thing they need. They have very few tents, the men mostly, when encamped, sleeping on the bare ground.

Frederick is a very handsome little town of some 6000 inhabitants, built on a creek running into the Monocacy. Market Street, which occupies the centre of our picture, is the principal thoroughfare, and is usually a scene of great activity, as Frederick is a lively place. The correspondent of the Baltimore *American* thus described the entrance of the rebels into Frederick:

> They made their appearance in the city about 10 o'clock in the morning, and marched in quietly, evidently having full knowledge that there was no opposition to be made to them. The force was halted on Market Street, and a proclamation issued to the people.
>
> The foraging parties sent out in various directions to secure cattle, returned during the evening with droves of sheep, hogs, beeves, cows, and horses. They seized every thing they wanted, and are said to have tendered payment in Federal "green backs," whether counterfeit or good, is not known. These cattle were all driven toward the Potomac. The purchases made in Frederick are said to have been paid for partly in Federal money, but mostly in Virginia and South Carolina money.
>
> A rebel Provost Marshal was appointed, with a strong guard, to preserve order, and during the afternoon the streets were thronged with rebel soldiers visiting the stores—which the Provost Marshal ordered to be opened—and purchasing shoes and clothing, of which they were in great want. So far as we could learn, strict order was preserved.
>
> One of our informants states that a meeting of the citizens was called on Saturday evening, at which an address was delivered by Bradley Johnson, who used the most conciliatory language, and made great predictions as to the power of the rebel army not only to hold Western Maryland, but to capture Baltimore and Washington, and dictate terms of peace in Independence Square at Philadelphia. The rebel sympathizers generally attended the meeting, but the few Union men who had remained kept to their homes. At 10 o'clock at night the men were all ordered to their camps on the outskirts of the city, and the first day of rebel rule in Frederick passed off quietly and peacefully.
>
> The Federal flag was lowered from all the poles in Frederick, and the rebel "stars and bars" hoisted in their place. Most of the officers were quartered at the hotels and at the houses of prominent rebels, though a good many of the latter had also fled the city.

Hagerstown, which was entered by the rebels under Jackson on 10th, is a city of about 4500 inhabitants, contains seven churches and three banks, and is the dépôt for an extensive grain-growing country. Its site is very beautiful, being in the heart of the Cumberland Valley. On either side run the North and South Mountains, about twenty-five miles apart, and along the eastern limits of the place courses a charming rivulet, the Antietam. Washington County, of which Hagerstown is the chief mart, was organized in 1776. Elizabethtown was the name given to the original settlement; but this was changed to its present title by act of Legislature about the year 1813, out of compliment to Christian Hager, a prominent citizen. A corporation charter was also obtained at the same time, and a Moderator and Commissioners formed the officers of the city government. A new charter in 1846 provided for the election of a Mayor and Common Council.

Many delightful drives are to be found around the city, and many elegant residences. Among the more prominent public buildings depicted in our sketch are the Lutheran and Dutch Reformed churches, the Market, and the Washington House. The latter is a surprisingly fine hotel for so small a place, being large, handsome, and well kept. An unwonted prominence was last year given to Hagerstown by reason of its being selected as the head-quarters of the "Military Department of Pennsylvania," over which Major-General Patterson presided.

The Map will be better understood by reference to the following topographical sketch:

> Sugar-loaf Mountain—which our own signal corps had held but a few days ago, and upon which a signal station had been established during all the last year while General Banks was upon the Upper Potomac—is now held by the rebels and devoted to the same very important use. [It has again been seized by General M'Clellan since this was written.—*Ed. H. W.*] From the point at which I am now writing the mountain can be distinctly seen across the valley which spreads out before us. By the aid of a glass we can plainly distinguish the rebels upon its summit, and the very impudent confederate flag, of a size not less than a barn door (somewhat indefinite), which floats upon the breeze near by them.
>
> This mountain is only twelve miles distant in an air line; so it may be seen that we are attaining to a position somewhat nearer to the rebels than we were.
>
> From Darnestown as far northward as Sugar-loaf Mountain the country is slightly rolling. Beyond the Sugar-loaf, toward Frederick and northward, the country is more level and not so well adapted to the sort of fighting and manœuvring in which the rebels have been so often successful. I only ask, if we are to have a fight in that vicinity, our men may have a chance to show the stuff they are made of in a fair field fight. In that case, I should feel safe in predicting that the rebels would regret that they had not staid at home.
>
> There is the old National road which runs from Washington to Frederick, passing through Rockville. The distance from Rockville to Frederick over this road is 28 miles. It is the old mail route, and a good one for an army. From Rockville there is another road which passes through Darnestown and Poolesville, running nearly parallel with the Potomac, and still another road, with the same general direction, runs nearer the river than this.
>
> From the road which passes through Darnestown there are several others which lead to Frederick, and one of them branches at this point. The distance to Frederick from Darnestown is the same as it is from Rockville, viz., 28 miles; but the best road is that which branches from this one at Poolesville, nine miles distant. Poolesville is only eighteen miles from Frederick.

The rebel army evacuated Frederick on 12th, passing through Boonsborough and Hagerstown toward Williamsport.

Eye-witnesses state that the rebel column was from nine o'clock in the morning until dark passing a given point. The force of the rebels, estimated by an officer who witnessed their movements, was thirty thousand infantry, six thousand cavalry, and ninety pieces of artillery.

THE FIRST VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

WE publish on page 612 a fine picture of the FIRST VIRGINIA CAVALRY, one of the crack regiments of the rebel service. Mr. Waud writes:

"Being detained within the enemy's lines, an opportunity occurred to make a sketch of one of the two crack regiments of the Confederate service. They seemed to be of considerable social standing, that is, most of them—F. F. V.'s, so to speak, and not irreverently; for they were not only as a body handsome, athletic men, but generally polite and agreeable in manner. With the exception of the officers, there was little else but homespun among them, light drab-gray or butternut color, the drab predominating; although there were so many varieties of dress, half-citizen, half-military, that they could scarcely be said to have a uniform. Light jackets and trowsers with black facings, and slouched hats, appeared to be (in those cases where the wearer could obtain it) the court costume of the regiment. Their horses were good; in many cases, they told me, they provided their own. Their arms were the United States cavalry sabre, Sharp's carbine, and pistols. Some few of them had old swords of the Revolution, curved, and in broad, heavy scabbards.

"Their carbines, they said, were mostly captured from our own cavalry, for whom they expressed utter contempt—a feeling unfortunately shared by our own army. Finally, they bragged of having their own horses, and, in many cases, of having drawn no pay from the Government, not needing the paltry remuneration of a private. The flag represented in the picture is the battle-flag. White border, red ground, blue cross, and white stars."

LAURELS.

I.

"REMEMBER, Janet, where you change cars."

"And write just as soon as possible, Jenny."

"And oh, Jenny! my photograph. I'm to have the profile view, you know. Don't forget."

"And I, too, Miss Jenny," said a deeper voice in a lower tone.

Then the last bell rang, the girls repeated all in a breath their parting words, young Carew swung the small boy upon his shoulder in time to whisper a pretty phrase, Uncle John reiterated, "Remember, Janet, where you change cars;" and the next moment they stood upon the platform and Janet was speeding on her way.

She had congratulated herself upon securing an entire seat; but at the frequent way stations one after another dropped in, until the car was full, and Janet, with that fine courtesy of hers, gave up her place by the window to an old lady. It was quite late in the evening when they arrived at ——.

"What, again? how I hate accommodation trains!" growled one to his neighbor, waking up out of a doze, then subsiding sleepily with, "Well, there is no room for any more in *this* car."

Just then the door opened and "one more" entered. A soldier in worn and shabby uniform—worn and shabby himself—"only a private," and evidently a very common sort of a person. He limped in with drooping head, his arm in a sling, his face half-covered with a neglected beard, showing signs of weakness and suffering. Janet looked up and around her. Surely some of these strong men about her would rise up and offer this poor fellow a seat. But they had all settled themselves for the night, and Janet waited in vain for them to rise.

So the train fled on, and the soldier leaned against the door, and, under the glare of the light beside him, Janet, from her place two or three seats away, saw what a weary effort it was for him. Surprise had given way to indignation on her face, and then there came an expression of some sudden resolve stayed only by timidity.

She hated to draw attention upon herself, and shrank with nervous dread from making a scene of any kind; but the minutes went by, and the weary face grew wearier, and all about her there was heavy breathing or the turning of book-leaves, evincing the preoccupation of those that were awake, and the utter hopelessness of any of these "strong men" discovering the necessities of the situation.

A moment more and Janet had made up her mind. There was a deeper flush than usual on her cheek as she rose very quietly and went forward—only a few steps—for as I have said her seat was near the door.

The head of the soldier was drooping into his breast as she came up, and she touched his arm before he saw her.

A flush almost as deep as her own rose to the sallow, wasted cheek as she spoke to him, and for a second he seemed transformed as he drew himself up and with many thanks refused her proposal.

"But I am better able to stand than you are," she urged; "and, indeed, it will please me much more if you will take my place than if you refused it."

He was refusing again when a sudden pallor came over his features. He staggered slightly, and the next instant Janet had put her hand in his arm, and before he could oppose the proceeding he was in her seat, and Janet asking him to keep it in a way that would have convinced any person, however dull, that she would be exceedingly annoyed if he didn't.

Then the young lady returned to the door, and leaning in a light, untired manner against the casing, opened her book. But she was not unaware of the observation she had excited. The slight commotion had roused first one, then another; and it needed all Janet Wilmont's self-possession to keep her eyes steadily fixed upon the page and her color under control.

First one, and then another; and there was a general fidget, and every body seemed to wake up. By-and-by a young man near her stepped out of his seat and approached her. A handsome person, with rather an elegant air.

"There has been a mistake," he said, with a bend of his head, a grave face, and a slightly imperative tone.

Janet looked up questioningly.

"Probably no one observed that the young man to whom you relinquished your seat was unable to stand when he entered," explained the imperative tones, and quite as an imperative gesture, though perfectly well-bred, waved her to the place he had vacated.

Janet Wilmont, though shy of making a spectacle, and always shrinking from putting herself forward, had plenty of spirit and a great deal of pride, and it rose up now at what she considered altogether too lordly a manner, and a decided interference where interference was unwarrantable.

A meaning glance of her eye at the drooping figure, with its disabled arm, spoke as plainly as if she had said: "It hardly needed that last reeling step to show you his condition;" but she said aloud, in rather a dry way, and a slightly haughty accent,

"Thank you, I prefer standing. I am quite able;" and turned immediately to her book—a proceeding that completely put an end to any more words, and sent the young gentleman back to his seat discomfited.

Glancing at the cause of all this, Janet became conscious of a pair of hollow, brilliant eyes fixed upon her with a curious intent expression; but the moment he felt himself observed they went down beneath the visor of his cap, and the brown beard drooped lower against the shabby uniform.

At the next station she remembered that she was to change cars. She looked at her watch—not more than half an hour longer to remain in her present not over-agreeable position; and then she thought,

"I do hope my soldier-boy won't in the mean time have another foolish fit of politeness, and annoy me by staggering up and insisting upon my resuming my seat. Was there ever a person so pestered in a simple act of courtesy as I have been?" And a laugh fluttered up to her lips and died out in a smile of amusement. But the "soldier-boy," to her infinite relief, kept his place, leaning a tired head against the cushioned back in a manner that evinced how much he needed rest and care.

At the "next station" all was bustle and confusion, and, in the midst of it, Janet saw her "soldier-boy" following her as she left the car.

It was dense darkness outside, and a hurrying crowd and a Babel of tongues did not tend to put the young lady at her ease.

Now and then the flashing of a lantern would give her a glimpse of a train, and a conductor would rush by with some unintelligible words, and baggage-men and the trundling of their freight helped to confuse still more. A feeling of despair was giving place to her uncertainty when some one touched her arm:

"This way, if you please. You are to take the down train, are you not?"

"Yes, thank you."

She was conscious of a light touch upon her arm in guiding, and presently the voice spoke again—a deep-toned, well-modulated voice—that of a gentleman undoubtedly.

"Here we are: be careful of that step."

Inside the car she turned to thank him. The lights fell only upon the "soldier-boy." The words staid upon her lips, a look of surprise on her face, and then a few words of question:

"Where—I thought."

Again that sudden searching look she remembered from the brilliant eyes; a suggestion of a smile—just the flutter of an eyelid, and he said:

"Allow me to thank you for your great kindness. I was really more unable to stand than I at first thought. I can do very well in walking a little distance, but the continued tension of the muscles of my leg in standing for any length of time I find more fatiguing than any thing else."

The same voice that had warned her of the step.

Her protector was, after all, the "soldier-boy."

As she glanced at the rough-looking fellow before her, and heard those clearly-modulated tones, she could scarcely credit her senses.

The few words of refusal he had spoken at their first meeting an hour or two ago were so faint and low that she had not detected the quality of voice.

He turned a seat for her away from the glare of the lamps, and placed himself in the one just behind, with a weary motion that stayed the interested questions that Janet was about to ask him concerning his wounds. And left to silence and her own thoughts, she fell to speculating over the odd contrast of speech and person. She had just come to the profound conclusion that though his condition in life was ever so humble, he certainly must have a refined nature to possess such a voice; and then smiling drowsily at her thoughts, she was half-way down a dream where Grant Carew was rallying her for her "queer interest in all sorts of people," she who was born to the

"——palm and the purple,"

when a gust of winter-wind recalled her. Then a deep, laboring breath, which was half a groan, smote her ear. She started quickly.

The window below hers was flung open, and the figure of the soldier, leaning forward to inhale the air, with an aspect of faintness. In a moment she had handed him a little *cassolette* filled with aromatic salts that had hung at her watch-chain. Its pungent odor seemed to have a vivifying influence, and she begged him to keep it—"she had really no use for it."

Again the simple, self-possessed manner, those wonderful tones, as he thanked her.

And again Janet fell to her speculations, and thought of the great men who had risen from obscurity and poverty to honor and eminence. She was sure this rough-looking soldier had the soul of a gentleman. "Somebody ought to give him a helping hand, poor fellow!" And again she laughed at herself, and fell to dreaming that same dream of Grant Carew, never waking till they steamed into the town—her last stopping-place—and the gray light of the dawn showed to her sleepy vision her brother Kit and Tom the coachman in waiting for her. "How-de-do, Jenny?" and Kit leaped in, giving an order to Tom to bring the carriage nearer, and, as if there were not a second to lose, was beginning to hustle her off in his usual Young America style, when she turned and said something kind and pleasant to the soldier, "poor fellow!" hoped he would be better, etc.; which the poor fellow answered with that same easy simplicity of manner, in that inconsistent voice of his.

"Hallo, Jenny, who was that?" asked Kit, as they went out.

"Hush, Kit, he'll hear you!" and then she told him all she knew about it in a lower voice.

He laughed, but called her a trump for giving her seat up to him; and arrived at home, where a Christmas houseful of guests awaited them, what must he do but relate the story himself, with embellishments, the saucy scamp!

Captain Rawlins, who was there, listened and laughed with the rest; and Janet, a little nettled, said more than she meant to about that "remarkably cultivated voice and the gentlemanly manner."

"A great, gaunt fellow, Rawlins," broke in Kit, mischievously, "rough and awkward-looking, like a pirate in a private's dress. But you know Jenny—you know her geese are always swans!"

And Jenny cried, "Kit, you are entirely out of the way. I never meant to make him out a polished gentleman. I only said he was simple and modest, and possessed a remarkably modulated voice for a man like him—and I say it again."

Something here suddenly struck Captain Rawlins. He looked up quickly, and asked:

"Did you notice the number on his cap—the number of his regiment, you know?"

"Yes, the Twenty-fifth."

"Hurrah, that's the man!" laughed and shouted Rawlins all in a breath.

"What *do* you mean, Captain Rawlins?"

Captain Rawlins started up from his seat by the fire, and began:

"Did he have remarkably keen, piercing eyes—black eyes, Miss Janet?"

"Yes."

"And a full flowing beard, and a downward motion to his head?"

"He certainly did."

"And was his left arm in a sling?"

"It was."

Captain Rawlins here laughed lowly, and said: "I am sorry, Miss Janet, to destroy your pleasant impressions, but this man I happen to know. He is a private in my regiment—I'm of the Twenty-fifth you know, and the most good-for-nothing fellow we had—almost a rascal. He had once attempted to be an actor all on account of 'that voice' and consummate vanity. His original calling was a cobbler's, I believe."

Janet joined the laugh, but didn't see the joke.

Presently Rawlins asked,

"He was alone, you say?"

"Yes, entirely."

"That's odd. I was up there at the hospital two weeks ago, and he was convalescent then, his arm in a sling, and ready to travel; but kept back for Wynne—Major Wynne, whose servant had died with the fever."

"Kept back for Wynne?" Kit questioned.

"Yes, Wynne was creeping back to life again, wasted to a shadow, wounded in the thigh and shoulder; ugly sabre cuts; and the Colonel told Gamp—that's the fellow's name—to wait and come on with him. Gamp was willing enough: he thought Wynne was worth all the rest of us; and I guess he was half right there. Any body would be faithful to Wynne. There's a man you ought to know, Kit! He'd do you good. So large-hearted and clear-headed—so strong and brave and true, with the 'stately grace of a cavalier.' But I can't get over Gamp's coming on alone. Good God! Wynne can not be dead! Where's the paper? Not come?"

Rawlins waited to ask nothing further. As suddenly as this new solution of the circumstance of Gamp's coming on alone had occurred to him he had darted from the room and plunged out into the sleet and snow, regardless of the breakfast-bell, with only one idea in his head—to get a newspaper, and see if there was any thing about Wynne in it.

He came back all in a glow with his walk, the paper in his hand, and with the words, "There's nothing here, and perhaps he is all right, and there was some other arrangement made."

The next day, and the next, and still nothing about Wynne—the beloved Wynne—of whom Rawlins couldn't say enough; and on the third the ardent, restless spirit could stand it no longer, and, shortening his visit of a week at Grainthorpe, he fled off to New York, where all the Wynnes, far and near, held their habitations for the winter.

At the end of the season Janet had forgotten the very name of Gamp in her thousand interests.

II.

THE waves came tumbling in over the wild, rocky shore, making their sweet, solemn music, unaided by the throbbing of drums, and the horns and harps and cymbals.

But you didn't miss the band here in this wild Cape scenery. It was too rough and lonely and primitive for the sound of waltz or gay galop. Its savage splendor wooed you to thoughts of heroic peril and lofty sacrifice. The atmosphere braced you to endeavor and not to repose, and all things grand and daring seemed possible looking out from those rocks across the limitless tide and around upon the stern sea-coast. Perhaps in these days of trial and bloodshed some influence of

"The blood-red blossom of war"

may have brought these gay visitors to this spot, instead of the usual Saratoga or Newport season. Some strange under-current of solemn needs may have given their souls a yearning for the solemnest scenes.

But as they pace along the shore their talk is not grave, their faces are not solemn. They are youths and maidens, and they talk brightly and jestingly; but if you look closer you will see, in the glances that fall athwart the waves, there is a vague wistfulness, as if the sea brought them messages far different from the gay greetings of other summers; but the under-current of pensiveness does not hurt the quality of the tone, it gives it a finer charm.

Pacing along the beach, Grant Carew talked to Janet Wilmont of those days he spent at the Crimea—days that disabled him forever from all active service, when that Russian ball winged its way over the field, and tore down shoulder and arm in a wound that left its weakening effects for a perpetual memento, and now gave him irksome exemption from "duty."

Irksome; yes, for he thrilled at every winding bugle-call, at every sound of drum and fife, to enroll himself, as that poet-hero who fell at Bethel wrote, "in the police of the nation." And for the hundredth time since the war began he exclaimed, as he paced the beach there, "Why *did* I rush headlong, just for the mere sake of excitement, into that contest, and there lose all my power of use when I most need it?"

But to-day the regret was keener, bitterer than ever; for it was the day succeeding the call for the final rally.

"Why did I?" he went on. "Ah! could I have foreseen this hour, when my own America would be fighting against her traitors, I would rather have lost my life, Janet, for *this* cause than disabled myself in that other."

"I am sure you would," murmurs Janet, approvingly, as she always does at his warlike bursts.

And then—for the hundredth time, too—he relates something of that "last siege, when we stormed Sebastopol." And Janet listens, and her heart aches for the ardent soul that can only look backward, and never forward, in his deeds of valor.

And she strives to console. "But you have proved yourself a brave and gallant man, Grant—and you so young, too, then."

"Brave!" and a half-scornful expression is in his tone. "I do not care to prove mere personal courage now. It isn't for that—oh, Janet, it isn't for that I want to help!"

There were tears in Janet's eyes at this sudden passionate cry, and every nerve thrilled in sympathy to it.

"I do not see," he went on, "how men can stand idly by—men who have no ties to bind them. Is it cowardice—is it selfishness? I can not make it out; for it seems to me, however cowardly a man may be, there must be somewhere in his nature a spark of manliness; and how can these stirring times, this constant bugle-call, fail to rouse emotions of enthusiasm that will put his mere personality out of sight for a time. And if he be selfish, what more splendid opportunity offers itself—or ever will, in his lifetime—to gain more than he can lose by doing splendid deeds? I can not make it out!"

The voice that had begun indignantly had a tone of sorrow in it as he finished; the face a wistful look, as if he were scanning such a waste of possibilities with a jealous heart.

Janet had just begun to speak again, when Kit came flying along, waving his straw-hat to them. She turned. "What's the matter, Kit?"

"Matter? Rawlins has come with Wynne—his Major Wynne—Colonel Wynne now; and there's going to be a reception, or something, up at the house!"

Janet's face glowed with delight. She would like to see this hero; and the subject of adorning rose up, a sure feminine instinct which gave a new zest to the pleasure. Janet would be no heroine of mine if she took no interest in the graces of her dress. Half an hour later a little, slight, dark beauty, in the most exquisite of evening toilets, was entering the drawing-room. Rawlins met her half way.

"I'm so happy to see you, Miss Janet! doubly so to-night, for I've got Wynne here—you know my hobby!" and he laughed. "I'm as much in love as ever, you see! And when you know him you will pardon my ceaseless talk about him. Stay just in this spot a moment."

He darted down the room, and returned with—"Colonel Wynne, Miss Wilmont."

Janet looked up to the gentleman bowing before her.

Not precisely a handsome man; but she thought of the words, "There's a man you ought to know, Kit! He'd do you good."

In a moment she felt herself in the presence of courage and valor and high heroic honor. And looking again she saw he had an air that matched these lofty qualities—"the stately grace of a cavalier."

He said little, but possessed that rare charm of evoking all the finest things of his companion's thought. As Rawlins once expressed it, "I am never in the society of Wynne an hour but I feel inspired and eloquent beyond myself."

The subtle power of intense sympathy.

And perhaps it was this, too, that gave Janet a curious feeling as if she had known him a much longer time than these few moments. And in his voice also there was a chord that vibrated to something foregone, as if ages ago they had been friends in some earlier era of dire extremity.

Kit was enthusiastic. His eighteen years of boy-manhood thrilled at the touch of this fine spirit, and college honors and persuasion were cast aside for "the good luck of fighting under such a Colonel."

"Why, Jenny, I should never get over it if he should be killed before my graduation, and I thus should lose my chance of serving under him."

Such was this man's charm.

Grant Carew, an older acquaintance, had long ago opened his heart to him, and Wynne was the only person in the world, perhaps, save Janet Wilmont, who knew what depths of yearning devotion and restless desire lay under that light exterior.

"But how came you here now?" asks Carew, as they stood in a group, with Wynne for centre.

"Didn't you hear of the accident? An explosion of powder came near putting Wynne's eyes out, and almost spoiled my usefulness; so we're on a furlough," answered Rawlins.

Carew gave an involuntary shudder, and looked wistfully at Wynne, with aching sympathy.

One day an old subject was brought forward.

"You have never asked me about your protégé, Gamp, Miss Janet," said Rawlins, mischievously.

"Gamp?" she had evidently forgotten. A word or two recalled. "Oh yes," laughing, and coloring a little. "Well, what of him?"

"A fractured hand gave him dismissal from the army; and he is now treading the boards, with the sublime belief that he will become a second Booth—all that voice, Miss Janet."

"But I have never heard, Captain Rawlins, how your friend, Colonel Wynne, came to dispense with the services of this Gamp," Janet asked, ignoring the badinage.

"Oh, that was the Colonel's good-nature, Miss Janet. Gamp got impatient, and he sent him on before him."

Young Kit now offered something gayly satirical, to which Janet returned with a little impatience:

"You can never laugh me out of the belief that this man was something finer than circumstances perhaps had ever allowed him to develop. Nature does not belie herself by such signs. But in any case, I consider that the kindest consideration is always due to a disabled soldier, no matter what position he may occupy, and I glory in giving it."

"Bravo, Miss Jenny!" cried Rawlins; but looking up she found the eyes of Wynne regarding her steadfastly.

Kit had no need to have told him that last winter's story; Rawlins long ago performed that duty; but Wynne, with more tact than the others, never mentioned it, until one evening when they were better acquainted. They were pacing the rocky shore, watching the storm come up over the sea; and Janet, haunted as ever by that sense of something foregone, which certain people strangely suggest. What was it? Now and then the flash of his eyes, the tone of his voice—more than any thing the tone of his voice—touched the mystic chain; but the connecting links were always wanting. What was it? Suddenly she looked up into his face.

"Tell me, Colonel Wynne, did I ever meet you at Newport or Saratoga, or perhaps at New York?"

He smiled, hesitated a moment, then drew something from his breast-pocket and handed it to her.

"What, my *cassolette?* Oh! I remember. How did you—"

"I have treasured it since the night you gave it to me, Miss Wilmont."

A burning color, a startled gaze, and the words, falling eagerly, "I can not understand—it was *you*, instead of—"

"Yes, happily, it was I who received this little memento of a goodness so unostentatious and graceful."

"But your dress—a private's?"

"I will explain. After the engagement in which I was wounded I lay for a while upon the battle-field, insensible. When I was removed it was found that I had been robbed of both coat and cap, and what money and valuables I had upon my person. The rest of my attire was too torn and blood-stained to be ever fit for use. When able to come home, the only available suit I could find was that of a private—my cousin Ned's, who had died a day or two before of his wound. You may judge if I cared to linger for new garments; and I am sure you can understand that I took a certain mournful pleasure in bringing poor Ned's uniform back in this way."

Janet heard him reverently, then suddenly a smile flashed brightly over her face. "I was not mistaken, then, after all. I felt so sure that there was a gentleman's heart beating under that rough exterior, whatever the condition."

"But the best of it is, Miss Jenny, that you would do what you did for any body, as you proved then, whatever the condition."

Janet blushed with pleasure there in the coming twilight; it was so delightful to be commended, instead of complimented, and by such a true, heroic nature.

They had forgot the approaching storm, forgot every thing but the interest of their conversation. A low roll of thunder roused them. The sky had blackened, and the waves dashed hoarsely against the rocks.

"I have been strangely careless of you, Miss Jenny, not to heed this. An old soldier can stand it like a summer shower; but I should have guarded you."

There was unwonted tenderness in that always persuasive voice as he said this; and did she fancy a deeper emphasis upon the "you?" A tenderness, too, in the touch of his arm as he guided her along the cliffs.

Janet did not stop to analyze the pleasure this gave her. A vague pleasure, to which she yielded unthinkingly.

As the rain began to fall he stopped and fashioned her large shawl into an impromptu capuchin cloak; and so occupied were they that a tall, dark figure flitted past them unseen.

And while they wended home merrily, talking happily of their adventure, the dark figure dashed onward into the very face of the storm.

The booming thunder, the lashing waves, the pelting rain, seemed to have strange charms for this solitary traveler. And mingling with the mournful chant of the sea there was a sadder plaint than that of Ocean's.

"So I lose all," he murmured. "With the sapping of my blood, the shattering of a limb eight years ago, I lost my place in life; so all hopes have been sapped, all dreams shattered."

And the sea chanted on its mournful miserere with a ceaseless refrain—"Lost, lost!"

III.

"WHERE *have* you been, Grant? You are positively dripping."

He had entered at the side piazza hoping to elude all eyes; and in the dim passage came full upon Janet Wilmont, the last person in the world he cared to meet just now.

He answered carelessly something about getting caught in the storm, and started to pass on; but the little slim hand held his coat-sleeve detainingly.

"You look pale and ill, Grant; I am sure you have met with some accident. What is it?"

"Would you care so very much, Jenny, if I had?" And he bent down with half a hope in his heart. She started. She had known Grant Carew for more than a year, and always thought of him as the finest man of her acquaintance; but possessing one of those unquestioning natures, she had never analyzed her regard, and to-night, when he spoke in a more fervent tone than she had ever heard from him, she shrank startled. Was it the natural shrinking of her natural reserve, or had a newer fascination thralled her? There might be something of both. But the quick, involuntary action fell like a doom upon Grant Carew. He dropped his arm from her hand, and with a "Pardon me," disappeared down the hall.

Outside the little piazza sat a smoker, and smoking his cigar he could not help seeing and hearing this swift episode; and unwittingly straight into his presence came Janet as she turned from the dim passage. And the smoker as he met her face, clearly seen in the bright flare of the lamps just lighting, could not help seeing the quick smile of pleasure. For a moment his own face glowed; then the glow faded, and not long after he had excused himself on plea of dispatches to attend to, and was sitting in his room pondering over a graver problem than any he had found before. In that wild walk upon the shore, in that sudden meeting just past, in many other meetings gone before, in these few weeks, Arthur Wynne had read the meaning of blush, and smile, and eager glance. He knew that Janet Wilmont was surrendering her heart to him unwittingly. An hour ago this had given him unmixed pleasure. Now there was sharp pain in place of pleasure.

He had long been familiar with the history of Grant Carew's early war-experience, and later had heard those words of passionate regret, and sometimes of almost impotent despair that would burst from that chained and restless spirit. And this knowledge to Arthur Wynne had been the key to all his sympathies.

Often and often pondering over it he had said unto himself, "Would to Heaven I could help him in some way!" The time had come; he could help him; but at what sacrifice!

Sitting there far into the night, he fought a harder battle than any in which he had hitherto won praise and power.

On one hand he placed his own emotions, his own probabilities of success: both seemed consistent. On the other hand lay the revelation of the last hour—that swift scene in the passage to the hall. He could not doubt its meaning. In vain he might at one moment argue that it might mean less. The next moment reason and courageous honor held its sway, and he forced the truth.

With a much briefer acquaintance than Grant Carew, Arthur Wynne's subtle perception of character had enabled him to comprehend Janet Wilmont much better than his friend. He saw at once that she possessed that rare quality—unconsciousness of self; that little given to analyzing her own emotions she analyzed others still less. With such a nature he knew that love was a matter of growth, and depended much on the wooing. It did not spring "full statured in an hour," as in more nervous temperaments. He saw too, that pleased and flattered by the prestige of his position, she had come to the verge of deeper interest as she knew him better. A few more walks on that wild, romantic shore, a few more words of deeper tenderness, and the innocent heart of Janet Wilmont would be wholly surrendered to him. "And why not?" he asks himself, "why should I not woo and win her?" "Why? because it would be neither brave nor kind," is the answer of his lofty spirit.

"I have my place in the world unfettered by any misfortune. I can choose my own course freely and master circumstance. But here is one of my fellows as brave and true as I can be in the wish to do, but with the power of doing cramped and crippled. Robbed of half that makes life endurable already, shall I rob him of the other half? Shall I, to brim my own cup, dash his to the ground? Never!"

Involuntarily as he came to this conclusion, his eyes fell upon his sword lying sheathless upon the table. Half dreamily he drew his finger along the blade and murmured, "It is untarnished, untarnished; let me keep it bright to the end."

The battle was fought, and a victory won.

A day or two longer he lingered to thoroughly work out his resolves. In this time he sought Janet quite freely, but with the calm solicitation of a brother. Always interesting, his talk was entirely impersonal, running upon the stirring topics of the day, and the best generalities of life. If he had had any doubt that he might have overstated the importance of the scene he had witnessed, it would have been dispelled when he saw the evident constraint of Grant Carew, and the pains he took to leave his supposed rival free and unwatched. But Arthur Wynne had never any doubt of the meaning of that scene.

A day or two longer and then there were good-bys spoken, free and hearty words and wishes, and Arthur Wynne was speeding away from the field of the sorest conflict through which he had ever passed. "But it was a famous victory." If any one had suggested to Janet Wilmont that she had been near giving her whole heart to this man she would have been profoundly surprised.

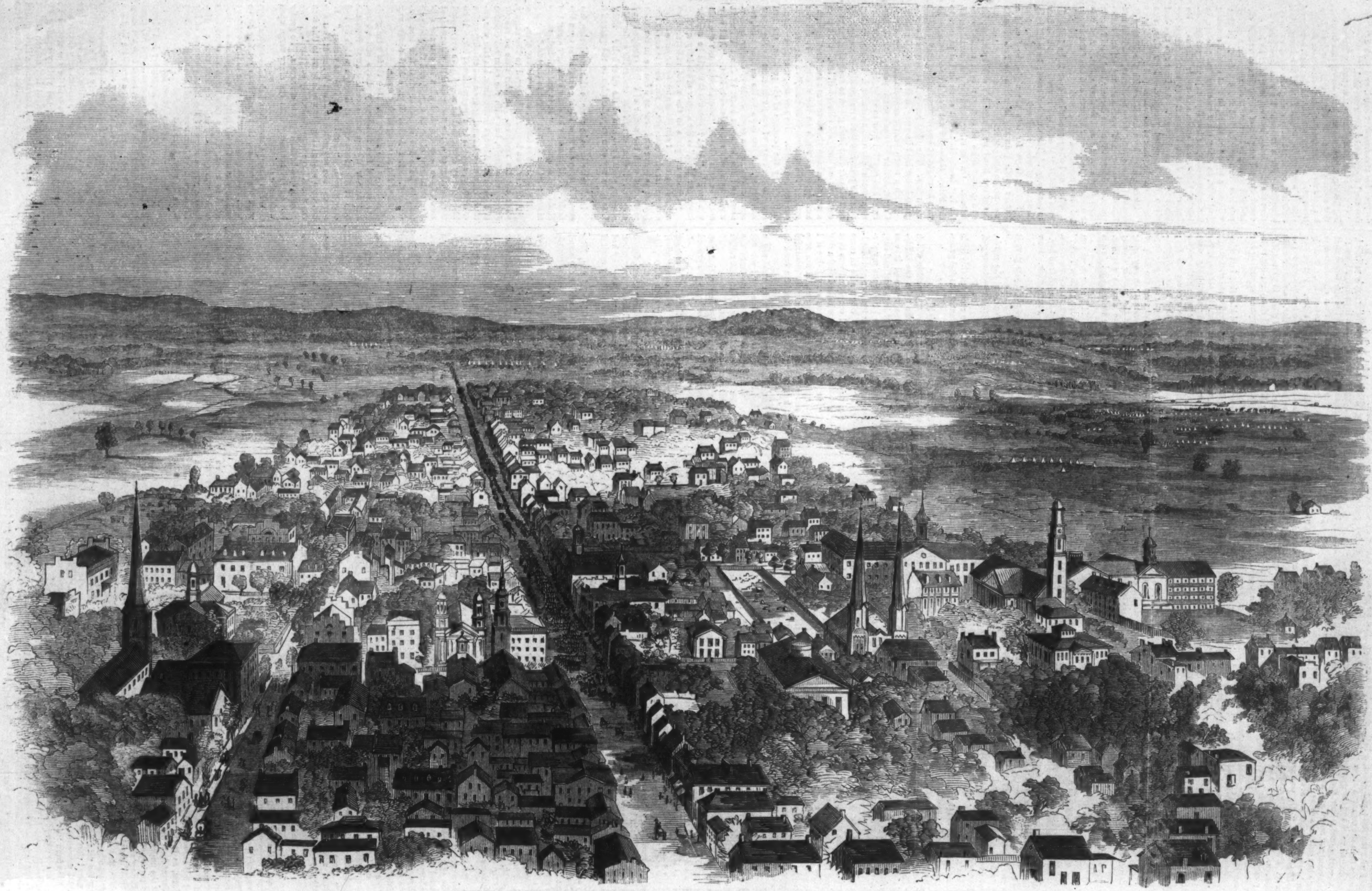
Such had been his power of success. So gently had he led her away from the dizzy verge upon which she stood.

When Grant Carew found that his suppositions were ungrounded, that Janet was yet free to be won, all his courage and hope rose to the occasion; and he was again the brilliant companion she had liked so much, with a new touch of earnestness which was gradually bringing him nearer. Perhaps a vague sense of the incompleteness of her life might have been awakened; she might, without knowing why, have felt

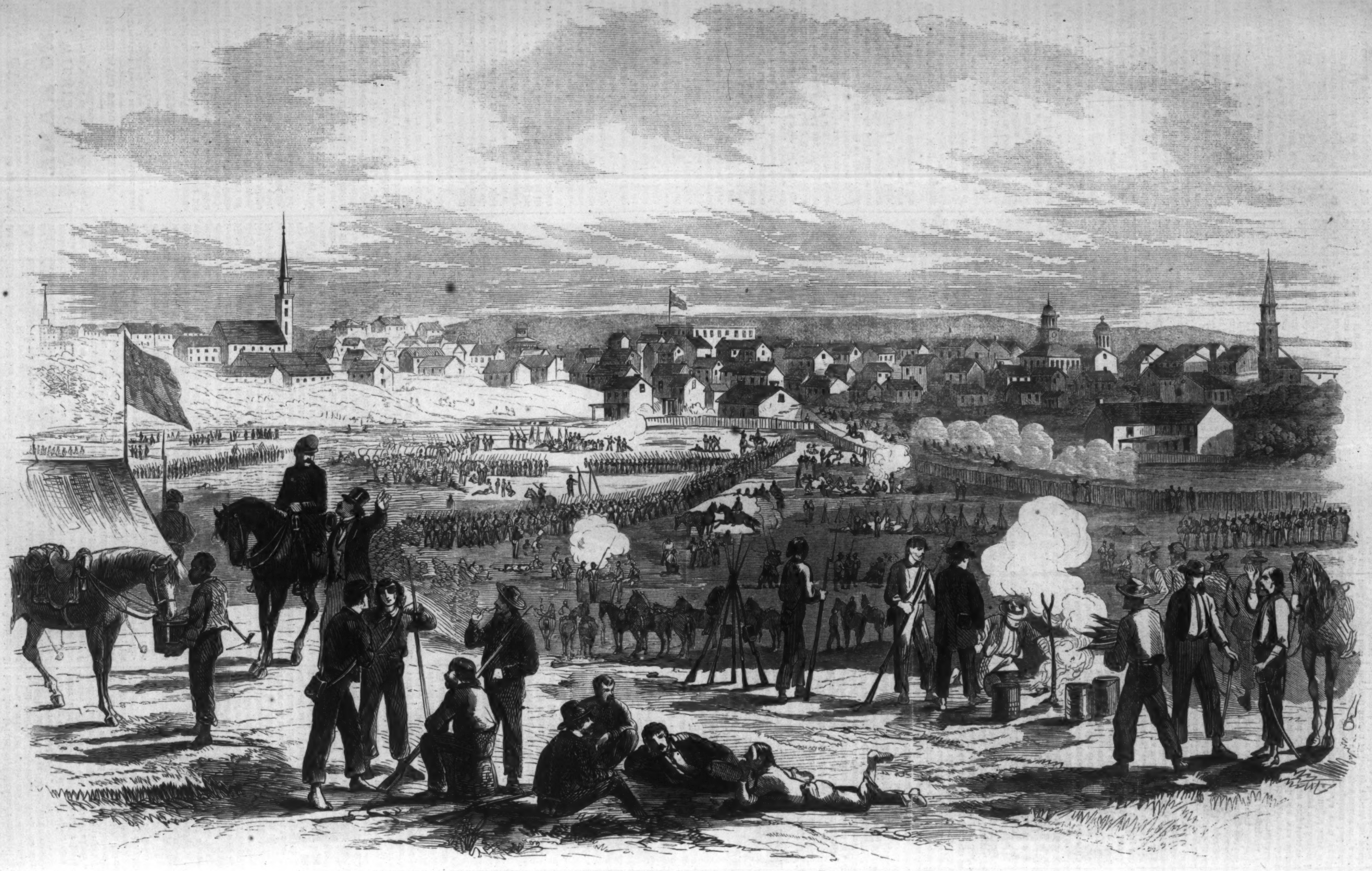
"——a want unknown before."

However it was, ere the September had blown its first breath into the summer Janet Wilmont had given her little steadfast heart into the keeping of Grant Carew, without a suspicion that she could ever have given it to any other.

And far away on Southern battle-fields, he who sped the wooing works bravely in his country's cause. His wounds bear testimony of how he has worked; and some day the nation may thank him with her bays; but there will be one wound no eye will ever look upon, one victory unsung by any praises, one small bright leaf unseen amidst the laurels. And for all memento, a little gilded *cassolette* lying always against the brave true breast.



FREDERICK CITY, MARYLAND, WHILE OCCUPIED BY THE REBELS.—[SEE PAGE 618.]



HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND, WHILE OCCUPIED BY THE REBELS.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 618.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER X.

ON returning to Sea View Mr. Noel Vanstone executed the instructions which prescribed his line of conduct for the first of the five days with unimpeachable accuracy. A faint smile of contempt hovered about Mrs. Lecount's lips while the story of Mr. Bygrave's attempt to pass off his spurious pictures as originals was in progress, but she did not trouble herself to utter a single word of remark when it had come to an end. "Just what I said!" thought Mr. Noel Vanstone, cunningly watching her face—"she doesn't believe a word of it!"

The next day the meeting occurred on the parade. Mr. Bygrave took off his hat, and Mr. Noel Vanstone looked the other way. The captain's start of surprise and scowl of indignation were executed to perfection, but they plainly failed to impose on Mrs. Lecount. "I am afraid, Sir, you have offended Mr. Bygrave to-day," she ironically remarked. "Happily for you, he is an excellent Christian, and I venture to predict that he will forgive you to-morrow."

Mr. Noel Vanstone wisely refrained from committing himself to an answer. Once more he privately applauded his own penetration; once more he triumphed over his ingenious friend.

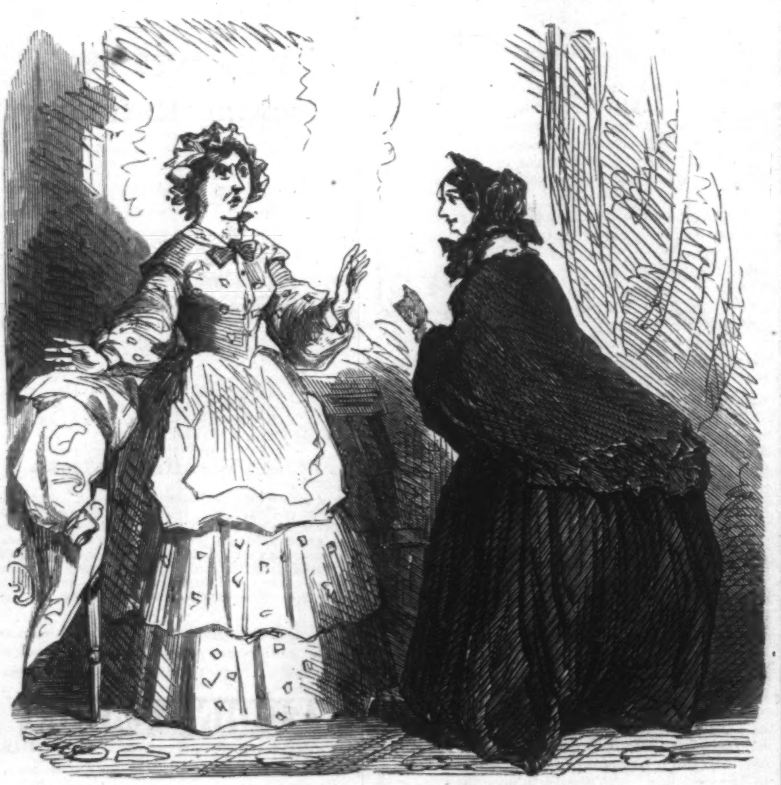
Thus far the captain's instructions had been too clear and simple to be mistaken by any one. But they advanced in complication with the advance of time; and on the third day Mr. Noel Vanstone fell confusedly into the commission of a slight error. After expressing the necessary weariness of Aldborough, and the consequent anxiety for change of scene, he was met (as he had anticipated) by an immediate suggestion from the housekeeper, recommending a visit to St. Crux. In giving his answer to the advice thus tendered he made his first mistake. Instead of deferring his decision until the next day he accepted Mrs. Lecount's suggestion on the day when it was offered to him.

The consequences of this error were of no great importance. The housekeeper merely set herself to watch her master one day earlier than had been calculated on—a result which had been already provided for by the wise precautionary measure of forbidding Mr. Noel Vanstone all communication with North Shingles. Doubting, as Captain Wragge had foreseen, the sincerity of her master's desire to break off his connection with the Bygraves by going to St. Crux, Mrs. Lecount tested the truth or falsehood of the impression produced on her own mind by vigilantly watching for signs of secret communication on one side or on the other. The close attention with which she had hitherto observed the outgoings and incomings at North Shingles was now entirely transferred to her master. For the rest of that third day she never let him out of her sight; she never allowed any third person who came to the house, on any pretense whatever, a minute's chance of private communication with him. At intervals through the night she stole to the door of his room to listen and assure herself that he was in bed; and before sunrise the next morning the coast-guardsman going his rounds was surprised to see a lady, who had risen as early as himself, engaged over her work at one of the upper windows of Sea View.

On the fourth morning Mr. Noel Vanstone came down to breakfast conscious of the mistake that he had committed on the previous day. The obvious course to take, for the purpose of gaining time, was to declare that his mind was still undecided. He made the assertion boldly when the housekeeper asked him if he meant to move that day. Again Mrs. Lecount offered no remark, and again the signs and tokens of incredulity showed themselves in her face. Vacillation of purpose was not at all unusual in her experience of her master. But on this occasion she believed that his caprice of conduct was assumed for the purpose of gaining time to communicate with North Shingles, and she accordingly set her watch on him once more with doubled and trebled vigilance.

No letters came that morning. Toward noon the weather changed for the worse, and all idea of walking out as usual was abandoned. Hour after hour, while her master sat in one of the parlors, Mrs. Lecount kept watch in the other—with the door into the passage open, and with a full view of North Shingles through the convenient side window at which she had established herself. Not a sign that was suspicious appeared; not a sound that was suspicious caught her ear. As the evening closed in her master's hesitation came to an end. He was disgusted with the weather; he hated the place; he foresaw the annoyance of more meetings with Mr. Bygrave, and he was determined to go to St. Crux the first thing the next morning. Lecount could stay behind to pack up the curiosities, and settle with the trades-people, and could follow him to the Admiral's on the next day. The housekeeper was a little staggered by the tone and manner in which he gave these orders. He had, to her own certain knowledge, effected no communication of any sort with North Shingles, and yet he seemed determined to leave Aldborough at the earliest possible opportunity. For the first time she hesitated in her adherence to her own conclusions. She remembered that her master had complained of the Bygraves before they returned to Aldborough, and she was conscious that her own incredulity had once already misled her when the appearance of the traveling carriage at the door had proved even Mr. Bygrave himself to be as good as his word.

Still Mrs. Lecount determined to act with unrelenting caution to the last. That night, when the doors were closed, she privately removed the keys from the door in front and the door at the back. She then softly opened her bedroom window, and sat down by it, with her bonnet and cloak on, to prevent her taking cold. Mr. Noel Vanstone's window was on the same side of the house as her own. If any one came in the dark to speak to him from the garden beneath they would speak to his housekeeper as well. Prepared at all points to intercept every form of clandestine communication which stratagem could invent, Mrs. Lecount watched through the quiet night. When morning came she stole down stairs before the servant was up, restored the keys to their places, and reoccupied her position in the parlor until Mr. Noel Vanstone made his appearance at the breakfast table. Had he altered his mind? No. He declined posting to the railway on account of the expense, but he was as firm as ever in his resolution to go to St. Crux. He desired that an inside place might be secured for him in the early coach. Suspicious to the last, Mrs. Lecount sent the baker's man to take the place. He was a public servant, and Mr. Bygrave would not suspect him of performing a private errand.


"LORD BLESS US AND SAVE US!"

The coach called at Sea View. Mrs. Lecount saw her master established in his place, and ascertained that the other three inside seats were already occupied by strangers. She inquired of the coachman if the outside places (all of which were not yet filled up) had their full complement of passengers also. The man replied in the affirmative. He had two gentlemen to call for in the town, and the others would take their places at the inn. Mrs. Lecount forthwith turned her steps toward the inn, and took up her position on the parade opposite, from a point of view which would enable her to see the last of the coach on its departure. In ten minutes more it rattled away, full outside and in; and the housekeeper's own eyes assured her that neither Mr. Bygrave himself, nor any one belonging to North Shingles, was among the passengers.

There was only one more precaution to take, and Mrs. Lecount did not neglect it. Mr. Bygrave had doubtless seen the coach call at Sea View. He might hire a carriage and follow it to the railway, on pure speculation. Mrs. Lecount remained within view of the inn (the only place at which a carriage could be obtained) for nearly an hour longer, waiting for events. Nothing happened; no carriage made its appearance; no pursuit of Mr. Noel Vanstone was now within the range of human possibility. The long strain on Mrs. Lecount's mind relaxed at last. She left her seat on the parade, and returned, in higher spirits than usual, to perform the closing household ceremonies at Sea View.

She sat down alone in the parlor, and drew a long breath of relief. Captain Wragge's calculations had not deceived him. The evidence of her own senses had at last conquered the housekeeper's incredulity, and had literally forced her into the opposite extreme of belief.

Estimating the events of the last three days from her own experience of them; knowing (as she certainly knew) that the first idea of going to St. Crux had been started by herself, and that her master had found no opportunity and shown no inclination to inform the family at North Shingles that he had accepted her proposal—Mrs. Lecount was fairly compelled to acknowledge that not a fragment of foundation remained to justify the continued suspicion of treachery in her own mind. Looking at the succession of circumstances under the new light thrown on them by results, she could see nothing unaccountable—nothing contradictory any where. The attempt to pass off the forged pictures as originals was in perfect harmony with the character of such a man as Mr. Bygrave. His master's indignation at the attempt to impose on him; his plainly-expressed suspicion that Miss Bygrave was privy to it; his disappointment in the niece; his contemptuous treatment of the uncle on the parade; his weariness of the place which had been the scene of his rash intimacy with strangers, and his readiness to quit it that morning—all commended themselves as genuine realities to the housekeeper's mind, for one sufficient reason. Her own eyes had seen Mr. Noel Vanstone take his departure from Aldborough without leaving, or attempting to leave, a single trace behind him for the Bygraves to follow.

Thus far the housekeeper's conclusions led her—but no further. She was too shrewd a woman to trust the future to chance and fortune. Her master's variable temper might relent. Accident might, at any time, give Mr. Bygrave an opportunity of repairing the error that he had committed, and of artfully regaining his lost place in Mr. Noel Vanstone's estimation. Admitting that circumstances had at last declared themselves unmistakably in her favor, Mrs. Lecount was not the less convinced that nothing would permanently assure her master's security for the future but the plain exposure of the conspiracy which she had striven to accomplish from the first—which she was resolved to accomplish still.

"I always enjoy myself at St. Crux," thought Mrs. Lecount, opening her account-books, and sorting the tradesmen's bills. "The admiral is a gentleman, the house is noble, the table is excellent. No matter! Here, in this house, I stay by myself till I have seen the inside of Miss Bygrave's wardrobe."

She packed her master's collection of curiosities in their various cases, settled the claims of the trades-people, and superintended the covering of the furniture in the course of the day. Toward nightfall she went out, bent on investigation, and ventured into the garden at North Shingles under cover of the darkness. She saw the light in the parlor window, and the lights in the windows of the rooms up stairs, as usual. After an instant's hesitation she stole to the house door, and noiselessly tried the handle from the outside. It turned the lock as she had expected, from her experience of houses at Aldborough and at other watering-places; but the door resisted her—the door was distrustfully bolted on the inside. After making that discovery she went round to the back of the house, and ascertained that the door on that side was secured in the same manner. "Bolt your doors, Mr. Bygrave, as fast as you like," said the housekeeper, stealing back again to the parade. "You can't bolt the entrance to your servant's pocket. The best lock you have may be opened by a golden key."

She went back to bed. The ceaseless watching, the unrelaxing excitement of the last two days, had worn her out.

The next morning she rose at seven o'clock. In half an hour more she saw the punctual Mr. Bygrave—as she had seen him on many previous mornings at the same time—issue from the gate of North Shingles, with his towels under his arm, and make his way to a boat that was waiting for him on the beach. Swimming was one among the many personal accomplishments of which the captain was master. He was rowed out to sea every morning, and took his bath luxuriously in the deep blue water. Mrs. Lecount had already computed the time consumed in this recreation by her watch, and had discovered that a full hour usually elapsed from the moment when he embarked on the beach to the moment when he returned.

During that period she had never seen any other inhabitant of North Shingles leave the house. The servant was no doubt at her work in the kitchen; Mrs. Bygrave was probably still in her bed; and Miss Bygrave (if she was up at that early hour) had perhaps received directions not to venture out in her uncle's absence. The difficulty of meeting the obstacle of Magdalen's presence in the house had been, for some days past, the one difficulty which all Mrs. Lecount's ingenuity had thus far proved unable to overcome.

She sat at the window for a quarter of an hour after the captain's boat had left the beach with her mind hard at work, and her eyes fixed mechanically on North Shingles—she sat, considering what written excuse she could send to her master for delaying her departure from Aldborough for some days to come—when the door of the house she was watching suddenly opened, and Magdalen herself appeared in the garden. There was no mistaking her figure and her dress. She took a few steps hastily toward the gate; stopped, and pulled down the veil of her garden hat, as if she felt the clear morning light too much for her—then hurried out on the parade, and walked away northward in such haste, or in such preoccupation of mind, that she went through the garden gate without closing it after her.

Mrs. Lecount started up from her chair, with a moment's doubt of the evidence of her own eyes. Had the opportunity which she had been vainly plotting to produce actually offered itself to her of its own accord? Had the chances declared themselves at last in her favor, after steadily acting against her for so long? There was no doubt of it: in the popular phrase, "her luck had turned." She snatched up her bonnet and mantilla, and made for North Shingles without an instant's hesitation. Mr. Bygrave out at sea; Miss Bygrave away for a walk; Mrs. Bygrave and the servant both at home, and both easily dealt with—the opportunity was not to be lost; the risk was well worth running!

This time the house door was easily opened: no one had bolted it again, after Magdalen's departure. Mrs. Lecount closed the door softly, listened for a moment in the passage, and heard the servant noisily occupied in the kitchen with her pots and pans. "If my lucky star leads me straight into Miss Bygrave's room," thought the housekeeper, stealing noiselessly up the stairs, "I may find my way to her wardrobe without disturbing any body."

She tried the door nearest to the front of the house, on the right-hand side of the landing. Capricious chance had deserted her already. The lock was turned. She tried the door opposite, on her left hand. The boots ranged symmetrically in a row, and the razoss on the dressing-table, told her at once that she had not found the right room yet. She returned to the right-hand side of the landing, walked down a little passage leading to the back of the house, and tried a third door. The door opened, and the two opposite extremes of female humanity, Mrs. Wragge and Mrs. Lecount, stood face to face in an instant!

"I beg ten thousand pardons!" said Mrs. Lecount, with the most consummate self-possession.

"Lord bless us and save us!" cried Mrs. Wragge, with the most helpless amazement.

The two exclamations were uttered in a moment, and in that moment Mrs. Lecount took the measure of her victim. Nothing of the least importance escaped her. She noticed the Oriental Cashmere Robe lying half made, and half unpicked again, on the table; she noticed the imbecile foot of Mrs. Wragge searching blindly in the neighborhood of her chair for a lost shoe; she noticed that there was a second door in the room besides the door by which she had entered, and a second chair within easy reach, on which she might do well to seat herself in a friendly and confidential way. "Pray don't resent my intrusion," pleaded Mrs. Lecount, taking the chair. "Pray allow me to explain myself!"

Speaking in her softest voice; surveying Mrs. Wragge with a sweet smile on her insinuating lips, and a melting interest in her handsome black eyes, the housekeeper told her little introductory series of falsehoods with an artless truthfulness of manner which the Father of Lies himself might have envied. She had heard from Mr. Bygrave that Mrs. Bygrave was a great invalid; she had constantly reproached herself, in her idle half hours at Sea View (where she filled the situation of Mr. Noel Vanstone's housekeeper), for not having offered her friendly services to Mrs. Bygrave; she had been directed by her master (doubtless well known to Mrs. Bygrave as one of her husband's friends, and naturally one of her charming niece's admirers) to join him that day at the residence to which he had removed from Aldborough; she was obliged to leave early, but she could not reconcile it to her conscience to go without calling to apologize for her apparent want of neighborly consideration; she had found nobody in the house; she had not been able to make the servant hear; she had presumed (not discovering that apartment down stairs) that Mrs. Bygrave's boudoir might be on the upper story; she had thoughtlessly committed an intrusion of which she was sincerely ashamed, and she could now only trust to Mrs. Bygrave's indulgence to excuse and forgive her.

A less elaborate apology might have served Mrs. Lecount's purpose. As soon as Mrs. Wragge's struggling perceptions had grasped the fact that her unexpected visitor was a neighbor well known to her by repute, her whole being became absorbed in admiration of Mrs. Lecount's lady-like manners, and Mrs. Lecount's perfectly-fitting gown! "What a noble way she has of talking!" thought poor Mrs. Wragge, as the housekeeper reached her closing sentence. "And, oh my heart alive, how nicely she's dressed!"

"I see I disturb you," pursued Mrs. Lecount, artfully availing herself of the Oriental Cashmere Robe as a means ready at hand of reaching the end she had in view—"I see I disturb you, ma'am, over an occupation which, I know by experience, requires the closest attention. Dear, dear me, you are unpicking the dress again, I see, after it has been made! This is my own experience again, Mrs. Bygrave. Some dresses are so obstinate! Some dresses seem to say to one in so many words, 'No! you may do what you like with me; I won't fit!'"

Mrs. Wragge was greatly struck by this happy remark. She burst out laughing, and clapped her great hands in the highest excitement.

"That's what this gown has been saying to me ever since I first put the scissors into it," she exclaimed, cheerfully. "I know I've got an awful big back; but that's no reason. Why should a gown be weeks on hand, and then not meet behind you after all? It hangs over my Boasom like a sack—it does. Look here, ma'am, at the skirt. It won't come right. It draggles in front, and cocks up behind. It shows my heels—and, Lord knows, I get into scrapes enough about my heels without showing them into the bargain!"

"May I ask a favor?" inquired Mrs. Lecount, confidentially. "May I try, Mrs. Bygrave, if I can make my experience of any use to you? I think our bosoms, ma'am, are our great difficulty. Now this bosom of yours? Shall I say in plain words what I think? This bosom of yours is an Enormous Mistake!"

"Don't say that!" cried Mrs. Wragge, imploringly. "Don't, please, there's a good soul! It's a deal bigger, I know; but it's modeled, for all that, from one of Magdalen's own."

She was far too deeply interested on the subject of the dress to notice that she had forgotten herself already, and that she had referred to Magdalen by her own name. Mrs. Lecount's sharp ears detected the mistake the instant it was committed. "So! so!" she thought. "One discovery already. If I had ever doubted my own suspicions, here is an estimable lady who would now have set me right.—I beg your pardon," she proceeded, aloud, "did you say this was modeled from one of your niece's dresses?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wragge. "It's as like as two peas."

"Then," replied Mrs. Lecount, adroitly, "there must be some serious mistake in the making of your niece's dress. Can you show it to me?"

"Bless your heart—yes!" cried Mrs. Wragge. "Step this way, ma'am, and bring the gown along with you, please. It keeps sliding off, out of pure aggravation, if you lay it out on the table. There's lots of room on the bed in here."

She opened the door of communication, and led the way eagerly into Magdalen's room. As Mrs. Lecount followed she stole a look at her watch. Never before had time flown as it flew that morning! In twenty minutes more Mr. Bygrave would be back from his bath.

"There!" said Mrs. Wragge, throwing open the wardrobe, and taking a dress down from one of the pegs. "Look there! There's plaits on her Boasom, and plaits on mine. Six of one, and half a dozen of the other; and mine are the biggest—that's all!"

Mrs. Lecount shook her head gravely, and entered forthwith into subtleties of disquisition on the art of dress-making, which had the desired effect of utterly bewildering the proprietor of the Oriental Cashmere Robe in less than three minutes.

"Don't!" cried Mrs. Wragge, imploringly. "Don't go on like that! I'm miles behind you, and my head's Buzzing already. Tell us, like a good soul, what's to be done. You said something about the pattern just now. Perhaps I'm too big for the pattern? I can't help it if I am. Many's the good cry I had, when I was a growing girl, over my own size! There's half too much of me, ma'am—measure me along or measure me across, I don't deny it—there's half too much of me, any way."

"My dear madam," protested Mrs. Lecount, "you do yourself a wrong! Permit me to assure you that you possess a commanding figure—a figure of Minerva. A majestic simplicity in the form of a woman imperatively demands a majestic simplicity in the form of that woman's dress. The laws of costume are classical; the laws of costume must not be trifled with! Plaits for Venus—puffs for Juno—folds for Minerva. I venture to suggest a total change of pattern. Your niece has other dresses in her collection. Why may we not find a Minerva pattern among them?"

As she said those words she led the way back to the wardrobe.

Mrs. Wragge followed, and took the dresses out, one by one, shaking her head despondently. Silk dresses appeared, muslin dresses appeared. The one dress which remained invisible was the dress of which Mrs. Lecount was in search.

"There's the lot of 'em," said Mrs. Wragge. "They may do for Venus and the two other Ones (I've seen 'em in picters without a morsel of decent linen among the three), but they won't do for Me."

"Surely there is another dress left?" said Mrs. Lecount, pointing to the wardrobe, but touching nothing in it. "Surely I see something hanging in the corner, behind that dark shawl?"

Mrs. Wragge removed the shawl; Mrs. Lecount opened the door of the wardrobe a little wider. There, hitched carelessly on the innermost peg—there, with its white spots and its double flounce, was the brown Alpaca dress!

The suddenness and completeness of the discovery threw the housekeeper, practiced dissembler as she was, completely off her guard. She started at the sight of the dress. The instant afterward her eyes turned uneasily toward Mrs. Wragge. Had the start been observed? It had passed entirely unnoticed. Mrs. Wragge's whole attention was fixed on the Alpaca dress; she was staring at it incomprehensibly, with an expression of the utmost dismay.

"You seem alarmed, ma'am," said Mrs. Lecount. "What is there in the wardrobe to frighten you?"

"I'd have given a crown-piece out of my pocket," said Mrs. Wragge, "not to have set eyes on that gown. It had gone clean out of my head, and now it's come back again. Cover it up!" cried Mrs. Wragge, throwing the shawl over the dress in a sudden fit of desperation. "If I look at it much longer I shall think I'm back again in Vauxhall Walk!"

Vauxhall Walk! Those two words told Mrs. Lecount she was on the brink of another discovery. She stole a second look at her watch. There was barely ten minutes to spare before the time when Mr. Bygrave might return; there was not one of those ten minutes which might not bring his niece back to the house. Caution counseled Mrs. Lecount to go, without running any more risks. Curiosity rooted her to the spot, and gave her the courage to stay at all hazards until the time was up. Her amiable smile began to harden a little as she probed her way tenderly into Mrs. Wragge's feeble mind.

"You have some unpleasant remembrances of Vauxhall Walk?" she said, with the gentlest possible tone of inquiry in her voice. "Or, perhaps, I should say, unpleasant remembrances of that dress belonging to your niece?"

"The last time I saw her with that gown on," said Mrs. Wragge, dropping into a chair and beginning to tremble, "was the time when I came back from shopping and saw the Ghost."

"The Ghost?" repeated Mrs. Lecount, clasping her hands in graceful astonishment. "Dear madam, pardon me! Is there such a thing in the world? Where did you see it? In Vauxhall Walk? Tell me—you are the first lady I have ever met with who has seen a Ghost—pray tell me!"

Flattered by the position of importance which she had suddenly assumed in the housekeeper's eyes, Mrs. Wragge entered at full length into the narrative of her supernatural adventure. The breathless eagerness with which Mrs. Lecount listened to her description of the spectre's costume, the spectre's hurry on the stairs, and the spectre's disappearance in the bedroom; the extraordinary interest which Mrs. Lecount displayed on hearing that the dress in the wardrobe was the very dress in which Magdalen happened to be attired at the awful moment when the ghost vanished, encouraged Mrs. Wragge to wade deeper and deeper into details, and to involve herself in a confusion of collateral circumstances out of which there seemed to be no prospect of her emerging for hours to come. Faster and faster the inexorable minutes flew by; nearer and nearer came the fatal moment of Mr. Bygrave's return. Mrs. Lecount looked at her watch for the third time without an attempt, on this occasion, to conceal the action from her companion's notice. There were literally two minutes left for her to get clear of North Shingles. Two minutes would be enough if no accident happened. She had discovered the Alpaca dress; she had heard the whole story of the adventure in Vauxhall Walk; and, more than that, she had even informed herself of the number of the house—which Mrs. Wragge happened to remember, because it answered to the number of years in her own age. All that was necessary to her master's complete enlightenment she had now accomplished. Even if there had been time to stay longer, there was nothing worth staying for. "I'll strike this worthy idiot dumb with a *coup d'état*," thought the housekeeper, "and vanish before she recovers herself."

"Horrible!" cried Mrs. Lecount, interrupting the ghostly narrative by a shrill little scream, and making for the door, to Mrs. Wragge's unutterable astonishment, without the least ceremony. "You freeze the very marrow of my bones. Good-morning!" She coolly tossed the Oriental Cashmere Robe into Mrs. Wragge's expansive lap, and left the room in an instant.

As she swiftly descended the stairs she heard the door of the bedroom open.

"Where are your manners?" cried a voice from above, hailing her feebly over the balusters. "What do you mean by pitching my gown at me in that way? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" pursued Mrs. Wragge, turning from a lamb to a lioness as she gradually realized the indignity offered to the Cashmere Robe. "You nasty foreigner, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Pursued by this valedictory address, Mrs. Lecount reached the house door, and opened it without interruption. She glided rapidly along the garden path, passed through the gate, and, finding herself safe on the parade, stopped and looked toward the sea.

The first object which her eyes encountered was the figure of Mr. Bygrave standing motionless on the beach—a petrified bather, with his towels in his hand! One glance at him was enough to show that he had seen the housekeeper passing out through his garden gate.

Rightly conjecturing that Mr. Bygrave's first impulse would lead him to make instant inquiries in his own house, Mrs. Lecount pursued her way back to Sea View as composedly as if nothing had happened. When she entered the parlor, where her solitary breakfast was waiting for her, she was surprised to see a letter lying on the table. She approached to take it up with an expression of impatience, thinking it might be some tradesman's bill which she had forgotten.

It was the forged letter from Zurich.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

100,000

Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewelry, Gold Pens, Bracelets, Lockets, Rings, Gent's Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000,

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send for Circular containing full list and particulars. Send 25 cents for a Certificate.

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1, eleven for $2, thirty for $5, sixty-five for $10, and one hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

N.B. We wish it distinctly understood that all articles of jewelry not giving perfect satisfaction can be returned and the money will be refunded.

BURNETT'S

Cooking Extracts.

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, manufacture an excellent variety of Cooking Extracts. Lemon, Vanilla, Rose, Almond, Peach, Celery, Nutmeg, Cinnamon, Nectarine, Ginger, Orange, and Cloves, all of which we cordially recommend.

DRUM AND FIFE BOOKS.

UNION DRUM AND FIFE BOOK, containing Instructions, the whole Camp Duty and Choice Music. 50 cents. MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE DRUM, containing Instructions, the Reveille, Tattoo, Calls and Beats used in United States Service, and Music for Fife and Drum. 50 cents. ARMY DRUM AND FIFE BOOK. 50 cents. WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDE FOR FIFE, with 150 Operatic and Popular Airs. 50 cents. DRAPER'S FIFE MELODIES. 50 cents. FIFE WITHOUT A MASTER. 50 cents. HOWE'S SCHOOL FOR FIFE. 30 cents. Mailed, post-paid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

To all Wanting Farms.

Large and *thriving settlement* of *Vineland*. *Rich* soil. Good crops of *Wheat*, *Corn*, *Peaches*, &c., to be *seen*—only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful *climate*—20 acre tracts of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y. ☞ Established 1840. ☞ For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps.

BEAUTY.—Hunt's Bloom of Roses, a charming and perfectly natural color for the cheeks, or lips. Will not wash off, but remains durable for years. Can only be removed with vinegar, and warranted not to injure the skin. Used by the celebrated Court Beauties of Europe exclusively. Mailed free from observation for one dollar.
HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 S. Seventh St., Philad.

$75 A MONTH!—I WANT TO HIRE AGENTS in every County at $75 per month and expenses, to sell a new and cheap Sewing Machine. Address (with stamp). S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

Abbott's History of the Great Rebellion.

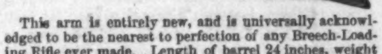
Experienced Agents wanted in every county. Will be issued in 2 Volumes in Leather, and superbly illustrated *on steel*. Apply to LEDYARD & BILL, Indianapolis, Ind.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

—All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

AGENTS, ARMY TRADERS, AND THE SPECULATING CLASSES GENERALLY.—Low priced Watches and cheap Jewelry of the most salable varieties. Trade Lists sent free. Address HUBBARD BROS., *New York*.

Ballard's Patent Breech-Loading Rifle.



This arm is entirely new, and is universally acknowledged to be the nearest to perfection of any Breech-Loading Rifle ever made. Length of barrel 24 inches, weight of Rifle 7 pounds. Size of Calibre adapted to Nos. 32, 38, and 44 copper water-proof Cartridges. Also,

Prescott's Cartridge Revolvers

The 8in., or Navy Size, carries a Ball weighing 38 to the lb., and the No. 32, or 4in. Revolver, a Ball 80 to the lb. By recent experiments made in the Army, these Revolvers were pronounced the best and most effective weapons in use. For particulars call or send for a Circular to
MERWIN & BRAY, Sole Agents,
No. 262 Broadway, N. Y.
Also Agents for the SOLDIER'S BULLET-PROOF VEST.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Watches.

SILVER HUNTING LEVERS for $12, worth $18.
AMERICAN HUNTING LEVERS for $20, worth $30.
Send for circular. J. L. FERGUSON, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

"THE AGENT"

Send 3 c. for circular. W. SUMNER & CO., N. Y.

Every Man his own Printer.

Portable Printing-Offices for the Army and Navy, Druggists, and Business Men generally. Send for a circular.
ADAMS PRESS COMPANY,
31 Park Row (under Lovejoy's Hotel), New York.

Attention Masons and Soldiers.

Head-Quarters for all in want of Jewelry. Agents wanted in every Regiment and Town in the country. I will send (as *sample*) a handsome GOLD MASONIC PIN or RING, or Plated VEST CHAIN, or fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or Engraved Locket, or ENGRAVED BRACELET, or Neck Chain, or a beautiful sett of Jewelry, on the receipt of $1, together with my wholesale Circular.
W. A. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
208 Broadway, New York.

SAVE YOUR SILKS, RIBBONS, GLOVES, &c.—Hegeman & Co.'s Benzine removes paint and grease spots instantly, and cleans Silks, Gloves, Ribbons, &c., &c., without injury to either color or fabric. Only 25 cents per bottle. Sold by druggists generally.
HEGEMAN & CO., Chemists and Druggists, New York.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For October, 1862.

CONTENTS:

THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Captive Saved.—Indian and Pony.—Harrod and the Warrior.—Boone at the Blue Licks.—Attack on the Emigrants.—Return of John Moredock.—Murder of Mary Saunders.—Death of the Indian.
ABOUT CANNON.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Cannon of 1390.—Original Cannon.—Bombard du Gand.—Mons Meg.—Iron Ship Gun, 1545.—Great Wrought-Iron Gun of Moorshedabad.—Serpentine.—The Mallet Mortar.—Fracture in Cast-Iron Guns.—English Howitzer, 1693.—Dahlgren Howitzer, 1862.
LETTY'S PROPOSAL.
A MONTHLY CONCERT AT TAMPA BAY.
MISTRESS AND MAID. A HOUSEHOLD STORY. By Miss MULOCK.
THE NEW ENGLAND CONFEDERACY.
ORLEY FARM. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—Illustrated by J. E. MILLAIS.
CHAPTER LXIX. The Two Judges.
CHAPTER LXX. How am I to bear it?
CHAPTER LXXI. Showing how John Kenneby and Bridget Bolster bore themselves in Court.
CHAPTER LXXII. Mr. Furnival's Speech.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Leaving the Court.—How can I bear it?
MADELEINE SCHAEFFER. (*Continued.*)
ONE DAY.
ROMOLA. By the Author of "ADAM BEDE."
CHAPTER IX. A Man's Ransom.
CHAPTER X. Under the Plane-Tree.
CHAPTER XI. Tito's Dilemma.
CHAPTER XII. The Prize is nearly grasped.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Under the Plane-Tree.—The Cloister Gate.—The First Kiss.
THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.
THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.
CHAPTER I. The Squire of Allington.
CHAPTER II. The Two Pearls of Allington.
CHAPTER III. The Widow Dale, of Allington.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Allington Church-Yard.—Please, Ma'am, can we have the Pease to Shell?
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Taking a Carte de Visite.—Making a Bargain.—The Account of Sales.—A Case of Colic.
FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Morning Negligée and Girl's Street Dress.—The Eglantine Cloak.

Apart from its merely temporary interest as a Periodical, HARPER'S MAGAZINE has from the first contained a succession of papers of permanent value, which render a complete set a desirable acquisition to any public or private library. Every page has been electrotyped, so that the Publishers can supply complete sets, or any separate Number from the commencement. For Twenty-five Cents they will send any Number by mail, *post-paid*. Any Volume, containing six Numbers, bound in Muslin, will be mailed, *post-paid*, to any part of the United States within 3000 miles of New York, for Two Dollars. Complete sets, now comprising Twenty-four Volumes, uniformly bound, will be sent by express, the freight at the charge of the purchaser, for One Dollar and Fifty Cents per volume.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of EIGHT SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $4 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

WILKIE COLLINS's New Story, entitled "NO NAME," was commenced in the Number for March 15 (No. 272) of

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

And will be continued from week to week until completed.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Ten Copies for One Year	18 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $4 00.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is electrotyped, and *Back Numbers* can be had at any time.

Vols. I., II., III., IV., and V., for the Years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, and 1861, of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $3 50 each, are now ready.

☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine* or *Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or General Agent with whom they are acquainted, and of whose responsibility they are assured.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.